

American

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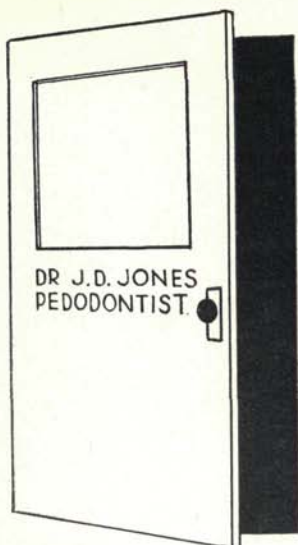
MERCURY

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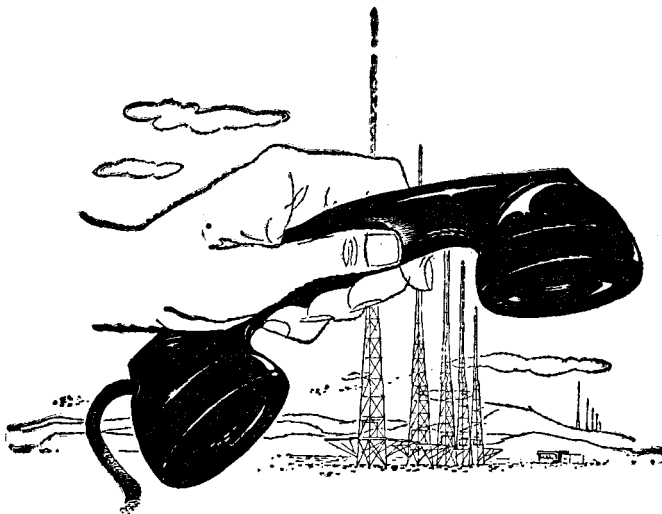
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The Truth

ABOUT

YALTA

by John T. Flynn

IN FEBRUARY 1945, a moment of profound tension gripped the spirit and consciousness of America. The great war in Europe and Asia was roaring toward its end. All of Hitler's hard-won aggressions had been lost. General MacArthur had informed his government that with the fall of the Philippines, Japan's desperate struggle was approaching utter defeat. President Franklin D. Roosevelt, on January 20th, had been inaugurated for a fourth term.

Then, suddenly, on February 7th, the nation was thrilled by the announcement that the President was actually at some Black Sea port in conference with Churchill and Stalin on the terms of German surrender

and ultimate Japanese defeat. On March 1st, Roosevelt, back home, appeared before Congress to deliver the great news. The three great powers had reached decisions at Yalta — on Poland, Germany, and France in Europe. Then President Roosevelt deliberately misinformed the Congress. He told it and the nation that the conference dealt with Europe only, which was a shocking falsehood. He said nothing about the agreements reached affecting Asia.

It would be a long time before the world would know that at that conference, behind closed doors, the grim and resolute Russian dictator and the ailing Roosevelt, already slowly drifting out of life itself,

entered into agreements about China and numerous Asiatic peoples that have been a subject of angry debate and the source of frightful losses for America ever since. The official reports and decisions were never given to the American people. Some they learned of as the shocking surrenders made by Roosevelt at Yalta were enforced. Now the controversy has been revived by the decision of the State Department to make public an expurgated edition of the papers.

It is doubtful if the busy newspaper reader had the time to read the full text. It consumed 250 columns with an estimated 225,000 words in the *New York Times* on March 17. But no American can afford to remain in ignorance of what those words reveal. They provide finally the full evidence of the blackest and most shameful episode in American history.

THE WAR — the war to end war — ended in Europe and Asia in 1945. Yet today, ten years later, as a result of Yalta, we are still enmeshed in war, with more threats of war in other directions. Since Yalta — and because of Yalta — we have spent \$290 *billions* on military affairs and \$50 *billions* on foreign aid — a total of \$340 *billions*. Our government feels constrained to keep millions of men under arms, to maintain military forces in 49 foreign countries, while our people groan under a weight of debts and taxes so great that they have become the source

of a whole train of difficulties and problems in our own political system.

The Yalta papers, as printed, make heavy going. They are long and prolix. Even now that we have them, they are difficult to understand without a knowledge of the circumstances out of which they grew. They deal with a monstrous betrayal of the American people — beyond all doubt one of the blackest pages in our history. They reveal the roots of the wars in which we are still trapped after ten years and do not know how to win or escape. For these reasons, I have attempted to put the whole story of the Yalta betrayal into a few pages within the time limits of the busy man or woman for such matters.

War inevitably creates an atmosphere in which the Big Lie prospers as the green bay tree. We begin by lying to deceive the enemy and end by lying to our own people. The first beneficiary of this evil license is the Leader. He must command the loyalty and admiration of the people, who are asked to assume such great burdens. His figure and visage are reproduced by the most skillful artists. He becomes the visible symbol of the cause. Hence no criticism must touch his name or his cause.

As the vast struggle of World War II rushed on to its horrible climax, the people were stirred by the dramatic headlines of approaching victory in a frenzy of war. The world had never known such violence — and was yet to be treated to

he most appalling explosion of violence at Hiroshima. Over 12 million Russians had fallen in battle. Japan had suffered five million casualties, the Germans two million killed and five million wounded. Over three million Chinese were killed or wounded. We lost 408,000 American boys killed and 670,000 wounded. Misery, want, a deadly fatigue spread over Europe and Asia.

THE FIRST shameful fact in the Yalta episode is that Franklin D. Roosevelt was a dying man and that fact was kept from the American people. In the summer of 1944, the Democrats, eager to hold power, nominated Roosevelt for a fourth term, counting on the war spirit to succeed with him. This made it necessary to conceal his condition from the people. He had been hidden away at Bernard Baruch's country home for several months. The pretense was that he was resting, but the fact was that his life was ebbing slowly away. Nevertheless, he was nominated for a fourth term and elected.

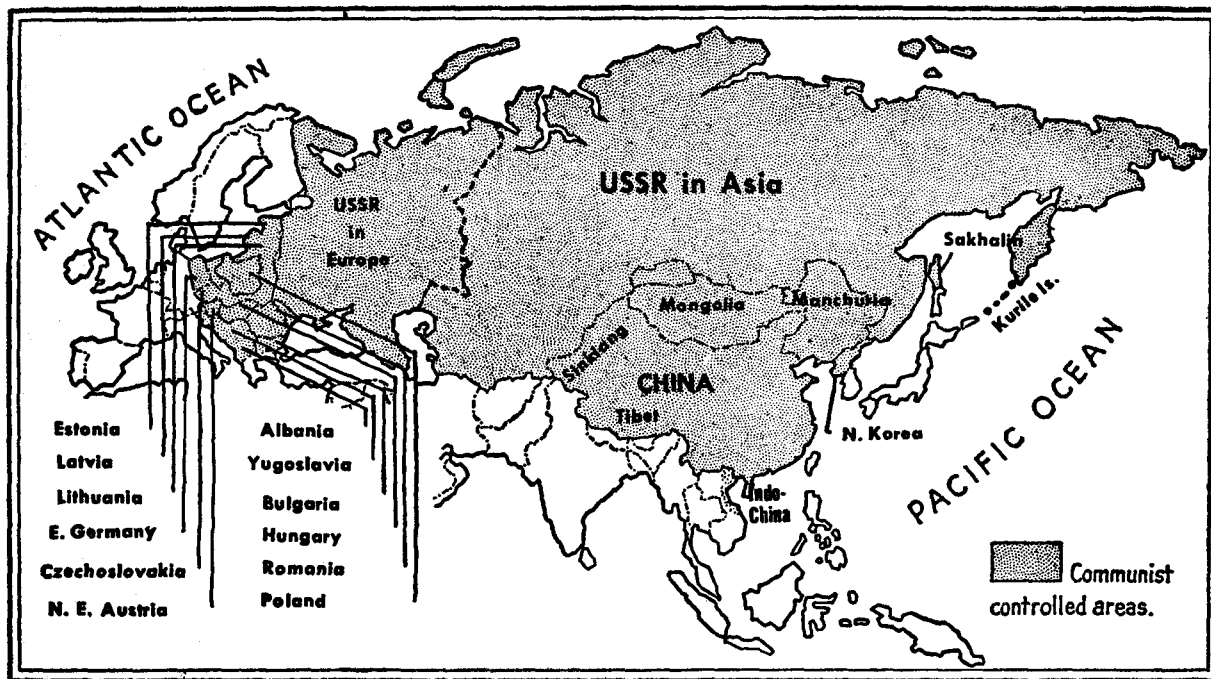
The day before his inauguration, following a brief cabinet meeting, Frances Perkins visited with him in a room at the White House. She was so horrified at the spectacle of the disintegrating President that she burst into tears. Three days later, secretly, this dying man was shipped aboard a heavy cruiser to Yalta, a port on the Black Sea, to face the rugged barbarian, Stalin, there to

agree upon the fruits of victory. The result was fantastic — Stalin took them all. The decisions made there were, of course, reduced to paper, but the American people were told nothing.

When the conference ended, the President made a leisurely voyage home. And on March 1, 1945, he appeared before the Congress. He told its members that the allies were united and that the "ideal of lasting peace will become a reality." There was no hint of the surrenders — the appalling surrenders — he had made to Stalin. He gave Congress to understand that the great event at Yalta "marked the end of exclusive alliances and spheres of influence and balances of power." In six weeks he was dead.

The records of the Yalta Conference were never published despite endless demands for them. The reason, of course, was to conceal the iniquity of Roosevelt and those who had possession of his mind. Last year, Republican leaders issued a strident demand for these papers. Finally, Eisenhower's State Department agreed to release 25 copies of the Yalta Conference record and reports to only 25 members of the Senate and House, but under a seal of secrecy. The leaders refused to accept them on these terms. But in some way, through a leak in the State Department, they came into the hands of a powerful New York newspaper, whereupon Mr. Dulles, on the demand of two Republican

EUROPE AND ASIA TODAY AS A RESULT OF YALTA



Senate leaders, made the report public.

The enormity of the crime committed at Yalta and previous conferences may be seen from the following facts. Roosevelt agreed to deliver to Stalin and his Communist heaven the following countries in Europe:

Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Albania, part of Austria, and East Germany. These lands held a population of 120,000,000 people.

In Asia, he delivered to Stalin *Manchuria, Mongolia, Sinkiang, North Korea, the Kurile Islands, half of Sakhalin* and ultimately, as a result of Yalta, the *Republic of China and part of Indo-China*. These lands included 480,000,000 people. Thus Roosevelt delivered into the hands of Stalin 600,000,000 people.

The gravity of these surrenders will be seen in the accompanying map which reveals how the evil system of Communism — represented by the darkened spaces — has spread over *four-fifths of the land mass of Europe and Asia*. This illustrates eloquently who it was who won the war on these two ancient continents.

BY WHAT strange devices was this incredible operation on the mind of Roosevelt effected? While the conquest of China was not completed until after Roosevelt's death, the whole groundwork for it was laid at Yalta. At that conference

Roosevelt was accompanied by Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Secretary of State, and Averell Harriman, then our Ambassador to Russia, both of them sons of rich men who held their places by virtue of their dads' millions. Stettinius was a handsome, agreeable person pathetically uninitiated in the tortuous devices of Communist intrigue. Harriman was even less qualified. But Stettinius was accompanied by Alger Hiss.

The *New York Times* sought to dismiss Hiss as a menace by insisting that he was at Yalta merely as a reporter. Actually Hiss was one of the most intelligent men in that whole curious company. He has recently completed a term in prison for perjury in denying his Communist connections. He was certainly the most knowing adjutant of Roosevelt at Yalta, the most informed in Communist philosophy and strategy. He was Deputy Director of the Department of Special Political Affairs in the State Department.

Stettinius has written in his memoirs: "My usual schedule [at Yalta] . . . was to confer with H. Freeman Matthews, Charles Bohlen and Alger Hiss just after I got up in the morning." In fact, J. Anthony Panuch, a security officer in the State Department, wrote a memorandum after the conference warning that Hiss "exercises a Svengali-like influence over the mental processes of Junior Stettinius." And Stettinius himself has written that at Yalta "I sat at the President's right.

Behind me sat Hopkins, Matthews and Hiss."

Hiss admits he took part in drafting the Yalta papers. One of the shameful follies of Roosevelt at Yalta was to agree to let Russia have three votes in the United Nations to one for the United States. The decision to yield this to Stalin was reached at a small sub-committee meeting in which the United States was represented by Hiss.

Perhaps Roosevelt's most incredible surrender at Yalta was his agreement to let Russia come into the war against Japan. Any student of Russo-Chinese history would know why Russia wanted to come into that war. Her ambitions in Asia were old. Her Siberian domain ran straight across Northern Asia. And her desire to get Manchuria, Mongolia, and Sinkiang were well known. She had been driven from Outer Mongolia during the Russian revolution. She had been driven out of Manchuria by the Japanese in 1905. She had been trying to get Sinkiang for years.

In fact, Russia had distributed maps of Asia showing precisely what she hoped to get. She planned to take over all the vast territories lying across the north of China. She wanted the Kurile Islands. And she hoped to use these territories as a base for bringing all of China under a Communist regime — in which she has succeeded.

To advance these bold ambitions, Stalin urged his right to come into

the war against Japan soon after Germany was defeated. We needed no help to defeat Japan. Roosevelt knew that before he went to Yalta. General MacArthur had informed him some months before that the collapse of Japan was imminent. And Roosevelt knew before he left for Yalta that the atom bomb would be ready shortly. Nevertheless, he agreed to take on Russia as an ally in Asia and agreed to provide Stalin's armies with arms and munitions for 1,500,000 men. The terrible fact is that Stalin sent his armies, armed with American weapons, into the Asiatic war *only five days before Japan surrendered*.

When Japan surrendered, Chiang Kai-shek and his republican armies were in possession of China. Now instead of facing Japanese armies, Chiang Kai-shek faced Russian armies armed by Roosevelt.

Roosevelt at Yalta agreed to permit Stalin to have North Korea. Had he refused this, 140,000 American boys would not have been killed or wounded in Korea. But because, at Yalta, Roosevelt made these surrenders to Stalin, Secretary Dulles was obliged to say in March 1955 — ten years after Yalta — that *Communist China is now a worse threat to us than Soviet Russia*.

ANOTHER most shocking fruit of Yalta was the decision to partition Germany — another Russian project. That plan was hatched at the Quebec Conference a year be-

fore. Just as Hiss was the evil genius of Yalta, so Harry Dexter White was the evil genius of Quebec. The plan to dismember Germany and reduce her to a goat pasture was drawn up by White, a Communist agent who actually occupied the post of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. It was called the Morgenthau Plan, but actually it was drawn up by White, who dominated the gullible Secretary.

Then at Yalta, Churchill and Roosevelt agreed to the plan for Germany which Stalin had planted with Henry Morgenthau through Harry Dexter White. There also, Roosevelt agreed to permit Stalin to seize German workmen and cart them off to Russia as slave labor. He went further and declared that he would support an arrangement that would ensure that the "German standard of living should not be higher than that of the Soviet Union."

Had Roosevelt refused to arm Russia in Asia, Chiang Kai-shek would be in possession of China today. Had he refused to give Stalin half of Korea, 35,000 dead American boys would be alive today and 105,000 others would not bear the wounds of war.

SOME of the final scenes of the conference must shock the American spirit. There was a banquet, about

which accounts differ, but it is certain that the vodka flowed freely and that 45 toasts were drunk. Tongues were loosed. Some of the remarks have been deleted from the published reports.

One such remark was made by President Roosevelt about the Jews at the final plenary session. Someone suggested some concessions to King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia. According to the suppressed record, "the President replied that there was only one concession he thought he might offer and that was to give Ibn Saud the six million Jews in the United States."

There is much more to these papers as, for instance, the complete betrayal of Poland, over which the war had started in the first place, and its final surrender into the hands of Stalin.

To understand the shocking character of all these concessions, we need merely ask how much better the world would look today if Franklin D. Roosevelt had never gone to Yalta or if, once there, he had refused to agree to arm the Russians on the North China border, had refused to agree to the dismemberment of Germany, had refused Communist occupation of North Korea, and if we had refused to approve the charter of the United Nations drawn up by Alger Hiss at San Francisco.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ *firemen*



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FIGHTING IRISH

BY CHARLES OXTON

AS THE bells in the firehouse start to clang, there is a short flurry of sounds from the floor above your head, followed by a brief silence. Then, suddenly, as the bells continue, you hear a deep, resonant voice sing out:

"It's at the administration building! On your toes! Let's go!"

And with that, pandemonium seems to break loose.

Footsteps are heard to race madly. There is an excited babble of men shouting to each other. Finally, sliding down the shiny brass exit pole comes the oddest collection of fire fighters you have ever seen. Men in cassocks, men clutching rosary beads, some occasionally even with a prayer book. Yet all in knee-length rubber boots. All wearing fire helmets jammed at all angles on their heads.

The station door is opened. There is the roar of a motor starting up. A huge spotted dog someone calls "Smoky" leaps onto the running

board of the truck and the warning fire bell begins to clang. Notre Dame University's brother-firemen, one of the most unique fire-fighting groups in the United States, are on their way!

Composed of the regular members of a religious order, the Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, the same order whose priests teach at the famous South Bend institution, these are no grown-up clerics playing firemen for want of something to relieve the monotony of their ecclesiastical lives.

They are full-fledged fire fighters on 24-hour duty call, with regular religious tasks to perform when not chasing a fire in one of the University's dormitories or study halls or cafeterias.

And in their spare time, what there is of it, all of these men work at other occupations within easy reach of the firehouse: at the power plant a few steps away, at the machine shop, at the laundry — all

of which are connected by fire alarm boxes to the main control station. When not at these duties, they sleep on the second floor of the station itself.

THEIR CAPTAIN is a deputy fire marshal for the city of South Bend. His is the responsibility of seeing that both men and equipment stay in proper condition at all times. His is the job of getting the engines "rolling," whether on a routine call on the campus itself, or to an outside call within a radius of one mile from the school limits, this second area including another seat of learning, St. Mary's College For Women.

And, occasionally, his is the responsibility of cooperating with the South Bend Fire Department itself when an emergency exists.

The present Notre Dame firehouse was built in 1945. Before that, the brothers were quartered in a temporary structure with only make-shift equipment at their disposal. The building is a modern two-company station, with permanent living quarters on the second floor for eight men; a spacious combination recreation and dining room; a white-tiled kitchen; and something probably no other firehouse in the country has, a private chapel.

On the technical side, the pole-hole doors are spring-operated and controlled by a foot latch. On the apparatus floor is a workroom with facilities for washing hose and making repairs.

The equipment is the equal of any in use by a big city fire department. Both the pumper and truck are the latest design. The truck carries a 750-gallons-per-minute pump, 1,250 feet of 2½-inch hose, 400 feet of 1½-inch hose, and a 100-gallon booster tank. It is well equipped with nozzles and all the fittings of a modern fire-fighting machine.

As a unit, the Firemen of the Fighting Irish has existed for just about 18 years and in all that time not a single fire of major proportions has taken place at Notre Dame. Prior to their coming, however, there were many costly and disastrous blazes. In 1879, the first major fire completely destroyed the six-story administration building. In 1900, the gymnasium was gutted. Between 1900 and 1925, three other major fires nearly ruined the old chemistry hall, the engineering building and farm structures. Since 1925, no buildings have been lost, although in 1940 the present five-story administration building with its famous "golden dome" was seriously endangered. Only the sounding of a 4-11 alarm, an extreme measure, and the assistance of all off-duty firemen of the South Bend department, prevented the building from being demolished.

In January 1947, even the members of the Notre Dame football team got into the thick of things when a fire broke out in the football stadium. The Navy had built a

rifle range under the grandstand during the war, composed of brick, wood, tar-paper and celotex. How the fire started is uncertain, but by the time it was discovered, the area was a mass of smoke and flames. It was a good hour before the brother-firemen, aided on the hose lines by husky tackles and guards who were more used to handling a slippery pigskin, finally got the blaze under control.

THE DUTIES of the black-robed firemen are similar to those of any city fire-fighting unit. They inspect all buildings, hydrants and fire alarm boxes. They maintain hose and equipment. Before campus dances, concerts or theatricals, they check all decorations in order to minimize the danger of disastrous flash fires.

Each month, naturally, brings its share of jobs. One time it will be a fire in a paper chute or some overstuffed furniture. Another time it may be a fire in a dwelling in the vicinity.

All told, the fire-fighting brothers are kept pretty much on the go. Moreover, they operate on a schedule that would scare the daylight out of a lay fireman.

They rise each morning at five. From 5:15 until 5:45, when Mass begins, they pray and meditate in

the chapel. After Mass, they have breakfast. After breakfast, they wash the dishes and clean the house. At 7:30 sharp, they report to their respective jobs at the power plant or at the printing plant across the street, where they put in a full eight-hour day, barring calls to fire duty.

From 4:30 P.M. to 7:30 P.M., all the brothers are back at the fire-house, ready to answer any alarm. Incidentally, should a box "hit in," the turnout time from the moment the alarm sounds is roughly 30 seconds.

During the day, when they are away working at their various jobs, they can still be on the apparatus in less than two minutes. At night time, the door to each of their rooms is left open so that no alarm can be missed, even with everyone asleep.

The only point of departure from the routine of a lay fire fighter is that there is no roll call. If there were, the names would sound like the intonation of some long-forgotten litany — names like Roderic and Columba and Jerome and Borromeo.

But names or no, they can handle the job. As one fireman in South Bend once put it: "If ever there comes a time when hell freezes over, you'd better check the brothers. They might have had a hand in it!"



They Pay to Be **HONEST**

By Jack Voelpel

IF FOR some reason you seem to think that you cheated the government out of a nickel when you filled out your income tax form, and if that nickel has been burning a hole in your conscience ever since, stop worrying about it. You can buy peace of mind cheaply. All you have to do is to send that nickel to the so-called "Conscience Fund" of the U.S. Treasury Department.

Every day the Treasury Department receives contributions ranging from a penny to thousands of dollars from Americans who can't live with themselves because of some past indiscretion. The Conscience Fund — no one knows who named it — is actually the unofficial name for two Treasury Department Miscellaneous Receipts Accounts: Account #4870, Moneys Received From

Persons Known, and Account #4880, Moneys Received From Persons Unknown. The latter is, naturally, by far the larger account.

For example, of the \$53,404 forwarded directly to the Treasury Department by conscientious Americans during fiscal year 1954, which ended last June 30th, only \$9,156 came from contributors who were willing to sign their names to the forwarding letters. The rest of the money — \$44,248 — could be labeled "pure conscience money."

The Fund got its start in 1811, when an anonymous contributor forwarded \$5.00 to the Treasury Department. As word spread of this relatively easy and simple way to purchase peace of mind, the Fund swelled to \$250 for that year. Then, for some reason unknown to the

Treasury, there were no further contributions until 1827, when \$6.00 was credited for the easing of some unknown conscience.

Since 1827, sums in varying amounts have poured into the Conscience Fund every year, with the exception of one year, 1848. That, of course, was the year that gold was discovered in California. Obviously, the gold fever won out over the Conscience Fund that year.

IN THE 143 years of the Fund's existence, the Treasury Department has credited approximately \$1,813,048 to its two accounts. Prior to World War II, the largest single year was 1916 — \$54,923.15. That was also the year for the largest contribution ever made to the Fund. That year the Treasury Department received an anonymous letter from Philadelphia saying that some money was being forwarded to it. The contributor indicated that he had stolen, but had repented. He wrote: "May every thief understand the awfulness of the sin of stealing as I have." Several days later a package came to the Treasury. It had been mailed in New York City. Inside the ordinary brown wrapping paper that hid the ill-gotten gain was \$30,000.

Since World War II, it seems as if many Americans have not known peace within themselves at all. The years 1946, 1948 and 1950 show credits amounting to over \$100,000 each year.

Smallest contribution to the Fund

has been the lowly copper penny. Most of these single-penny contributions have been sent in by those who have at one time or another erased the cancellation marks from stamps and used them again.

Many of the communications to the Treasury Department are simply scraps of paper bearing the notation "Conscience Fund." Others are long, detailed explanations of the misdeed or misdeeds for which the contributor has now repented. Many are received with no letter or note of explanation whatsoever. Although the number of contributions varies widely from month to month, ranging from 2 or 3 to 2 dozen or 3 dozen, there is always a noticeable rise in funds credited during the two months following income tax day.

The sins range from stealing a government mule to selling potatoes above the ceiling price during World War II. One Western man indicated that when he was a small boy of 12, he had made four counterfeit dimes and had passed them at a small cafe for hot tamales. He hoped that the enclosed four dimes were satisfactory repayment.

Some contributors evidently feel better when they calculate to the penny exactly how much they owe, including interest. Some even buy a little excess peace of mind — by overpaying for any past mistakes.

Obviously, many Americans believe that "Honesty is the best policy." If they didn't, there would be no Conscience Fund.

Are We Pampering Our **ALCOHOLICS?**

— BY MORLEY COOPER

IN THE SCORES of state mental hospitals which now spread from coast to coast, too many beds are being usurped by alcoholics.

Thus say the governmental psychiatrists, who are concerned with

the fact that bona fide mental patients must await admittance to institutions built especially for their care until alcoholic "repeaters" have completed another "cure."

Psychiatrists question whether the typical alcoholic should be classified as a mental case. Says one expert, "The alcoholic is not legally a sick person. You can drive a car while genuinely ill and the cop who stops you will do everything he can to help you get to a hospital. But when that officer catches a drunk driving a car, the offender is jerked before a judge and the book thrown at him.

"If the drunk was legally ill, then he could not be held responsible for his actions, including charges of mayhem, manslaughter or murder. He cannot readily beg off on a plea of mental illness."

Nevertheless, these alcoholics utilize facilities and the time of doctors and nurses sorely needed for the care of the truly mentally ill — those unfortunates whose conditions are no fault of their own, and



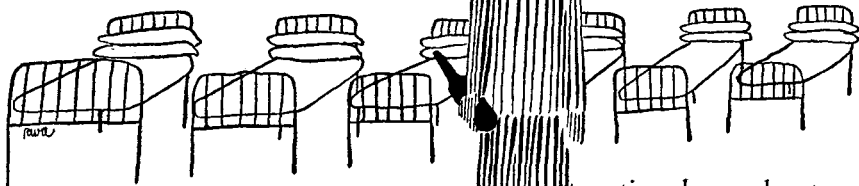
who are not merely suffering the after-effects of over-indulgence. In many such hospitals, 25 percent of the beds are occupied by alcoholics.

As a rule, the chronic alcoholic patronizes expensive private hospitals, preferring the pampering he receives there. But when the money is gone, he is likely to become a regular repeater at the state hospitals.

No one knows better than the confirmed alcoholic that he has but two choices. He can take one drink and thereafter keep on drinking until he is shakily stinko, or he can steadfastly refuse to take that first

ebriate to lick the liquor habit. But is it?

In such an institution as this, the drunk knows liquor will be denied him. (Contrary to popular belief, there is usually no tapering off in the treatment of an alcoholic.) He knows he will be "dried out," dosed with paraldehyde and therapeutic vitamins for the shakes, fed the best of food and rested up. (The food bill alone at a single state hospital will be in excess of a million dollars a year.) In this institu-



drink. For the likes of him, there simply exists no middle ground.

The very fact that many ex-souses can, by exercise of will power, stay away from liquor proves that the average alcoholic probably is no more mentally ill than the average fat man. The truly insane have not the power to better their condition through an effort of will, and these are the unfortunates who must be cared for in state mental hospitals.

WE FIND thousands of alcoholics self-committed in state hospitals. Such action appears as an honest attempt on the part of the in-

tion, he need not exert one iota of self-discipline, knowing that the doctors and psychiatric nurses will ease him through the worst pangs of the withdrawal stage with a minimum of discomfort.

After four months of treatment in a state mental hospital, any alcoholic could, with little effort, continue to live without hootch. If he is a typical alcoholic, however, he will not remain sober for one week after he has been released.

Discharged from his enforced period of abstinence, the alcoholic looks and feels like a new man. He appar-

ently is sincere when he tells anyone who will listen that he is off the stuff forever. However, hospital attendants who have taken the trouble to win this fellow's confidence state that when he levels with them, he is frank in stating that his real intention, just as soon as he gets out of this damned hospital, is to have himself the daddy of all binges.

This is why the "cured" alcoholic almost invariably is returned to a mental hospital within a few weeks after his discharge. By then he again is faced with the imminent horror of delirium tremens, and knowing himself to be bereft of all self-control, he is ready to return to the hospital until the danger is passed. Or his family or the courts commit him for the same reason.

In a state hospital, one witnesses the pathetic eagerness of the true mental patient to undergo rigorous treatment for his malady, even gladly accepting the "little death" of insulin and electric shock treatment, in which the heart must cease to beat for a time. In the same institution, the alcoholic will consistently refuse any new or rigorous treatment for his trouble, rarely consenting to accept anything more unusual than big doses of vitamins.

AND SO, at a cost of hundreds of millions of dollars a year, hundreds of thousands of alcoholics enter our state hospitals, languish there in reasonable comfort for three or four months, are discharged, and within

60 days are back again. Most of these inebriates continue this not unpleasant cycle until they finally do become acute mental cases or die miserably of delirium tremens.

As yet, we fail to stigmatize the alcoholic, even after he qualifies himself as a three-time loser. Yet psychiatrists attached to our state hospitals assert that sooner or later we must decide to confine for life the confirmed in-and-outers among the alcoholics. They feel that any man or woman who has "taken the cure" three times hand-running without lasting benefit may well be considered a hopeless case, as is the criminal who cannot go straight after three felony convictions.

Action along the line of lifetime incarceration in a mental institution for such confirmed repeaters might well frighten many of these habitual wards of the state into substituting a little honest self-control for institutional discipline.

Twenty years ago most of the alcoholics in our mental hospitals were middle-aged and elderly. Now a majority of these repeaters are under 40, and increasingly you find alcoholics of 16 and 17 who have already done two or three 4-month stretches in state mental hospitals.

For the welfare of those for whom our mental hospitals were built, experts who must contend with this problem believe we should discourage the alcoholic repeater from usurping facilities designed for the treatment of the mentally ill.

The Ghost

THAT SAVED A MASTERPIECE

By Albert Abarbanel

IN THE YEAR 1321, the great poet Dante died unexpectedly of a fever in Ravenna, Italy. Among his papers was found the major portion of a magnificent epic poem.

But the end of the great work was missing.

For weeks the poet's family — his widow, six daughters, and son Jacopo — searched for the missing pages.

Gradually they came to the reluctant conclusion that the long poem had never been completed, although Dante had worked on it, off and on, for more than eighteen years.

Then, one night eight months after his father's death, Jacopo Aligheri had a strangely vivid dream. He dreamed that the phantom of Dante appeared at his bedside and roused him.

In the dream, Jacopo asked the phantom the question that was uppermost in his thoughts: "Did you, Father, ever complete the long poem that we found among your papers?"

To Jacopo's surprise, the phantom answered: "Yes, the poem was completed. Come with me, my son."

As the dream continued, the spirit took Jacopo by the hand and led

him into the bedroom where Dante had been accustomed to work. It pointed to a heavy drapery on the wall behind a small desk. Jacopo drew the drapery aside and saw behind it a closet built flush into the wall.

"I had this secret chamber prepared for my most confidential papers," the phantom explained. "In it you will find the remainder of the long poem."

The dream ended abruptly. In the morning, however, Jacopo recalled it vividly. Returning to his father's bedroom, he pulled the drapery aside.

To his astonishment, there was the closet, exactly as he had seen it in the dream. Trembling, he opened it. Inside was a sheaf of papers, already almost completely disintegrated by the damp air. The writing was decipherable only with the greatest difficulty.

All the world is fortunate that those words could still be read. For they comprised the last thirteen stanzas of one of the greatest epic poems of all time — Dante's *La Divina Commedia* — The Divine Comedy.

The Triumph of
OWEN
LATTIMORE

by
FREDA UTLEY

WHETHER or not Owen Lattimore is ever brought to trial for perjury, and in spite of the fact that his reputation as a Far Eastern expert is tarnished, there is no doubt that he and his friends have won the day. Their cause has triumphed even though, since the McCarran Committee exposed them, they themselves are no longer held in high esteem except in anti-anti-Communist circles.

We have not completely abandoned Chiang Kai-shek, as recommended as early as 1944 by John Davies, John Stewart Service, and other State Department Foreign

Service officials of the Lattimore school. It can even be confidently expected that we shall never deliver up our Chinese friends to the Communists to be shot, or sent to concentration camps, as were our Polish allies in World War II. The Free Chinese can count on being permitted to live out their lives in Formosa under the protection of the United States Navy. But since we are now telling them that we shall never assist them, or even permit them to attempt the liberation of their homeland, their only hope of rejoining their families on the mainland is submission to Communist

tyranny. The destruction of the morale of the Chinese Nationalists is now only a question of time.

Today we are witnessing the final act of the Chinese tragedy which began nine years ago when the United States withdrew moral and material support from the Chinese Nationalist government in order to compel it to stop fighting the Communists and share power with them in a coalition government. Then, as now, submission to Moscow by the four hundred million people of China was the price exacted for American aid to the Nationalists. And it is to be feared that just as our 1945-47 policy led to the Korean War, so also our present appeasement of the Chinese Communists may lead to World War III.

TWO YEARS AGO it seemed that, at long last, the baneful influence of the Lattimorites, or Chinese Communist lobby, had come to an end. President Eisenhower, at the beginning of his Administration, "unleashed" Chiang Kai-shek's forces, which had been restrained from harassing the rear of the enemy we were fighting in Korea by President Truman's orders to the Seventh Fleet to prevent attacks by, as well as on, Formosa.

But today the wheel has come full circle. The Republican Administration, which won the 1952 election on a platform which included a promise to abandon "the negative,

futile and immoral policy of containment which abandons countless human beings to a despotism and godless terrorism which, in turn, enables the rulers to forge the captives into a weapon for our destruction," now seems prepared to make greater concessions to the Communists than Truman's ever could, or would, have done.

By the terms of the Formosa Treaty and by the pronouncements of Secretary Dulles and President Eisenhower, we have served notice on the Chinese government-in-exile on Formosa, and on the world, that far from intending to "roll back" the Iron Curtain, we are prepared to abandon the Chinese to Communist tyranny until doomsday, for the sake of a little peace in our time. *De facto*, if not yet *de jure*, we have recognized the Chinese Communist regime by our assurances that we shall not countenance an attack on the mainland, provided only that Peking ceases to threaten the island which we consider essential to our own security. In the Far East, as in Europe, we have assured the rulers of the Communist empire that they may have the breathing space they require to prepare for D-Day.

Mr. Dulles spelled out the implication of the Treaty in his February 7th statement to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in which he said:

It was agreed that offensive military operations by either party from

the territories held by the Republic of China would be undertaken only as a matter of joint understanding . . .

He further stated that the supplies and equipment granted by the United States to the Nationalist forces "will not be removed from Formosa to other areas without our consent."

The satisfaction expressed by the *Washington Post*, and by most of our self-styled "liberal" commentators and columnists, concerning our present China policy, affords further proof of the triumph of Owen Lattimore. Those who believe that he and John Davies, and others of their kind, are good men and true who have been maligned by the ogre from Wisconsin are, of course, not yet quite satisfied.

LIPPMANN, for instance, demands more than the evacuation of the Tachen Islands and the assurance given that we shall never permit the Nationalists to use our arms to liberate China. In his column on February 8th, he urged us to compel the Chinese Nationalists to evacuate Quemoy and Matsu as well, "not as the result of a bargain but as a strategic measure to liquidate a position of weakness." However, the Lippmannites, like the Lattimorites, rejoice because "the Administration has taken the fundamental decision not to support a war

for the reconquest of the mainland."

"Why die for Danzig?" — as the French used to say before World War II. Lippmann has reformulated this famous French slogan to suit our present time of troubles. It would, he says, be absurd to risk a great war over "such trifling islands" as Quemoy and Matsu. The fact which "realists" or sophists, or believers in *real politik*, such as Walter Lippmann, fail to understand is that wars are not waged on the basis of an accountant's estimate of the value of a particular piece of real estate.

Wars are won or lost, even in our age of massive weapons of destruction, in the hearts of men. If America is not eventually to find itself isolated in a Communist world, we have got to realize the effect of our pronounced willingness to prevent the Chinese Nationalists from liberating their homeland, provided only that the Peking government refrains from attacking Formosa.

We should not listen only to the British who mistakenly believe that by throwing other nations to the wolves they can enjoy peace in our time. Or to the French who think that a Communist occupation would be no worse than a German one and who therefore want peace at absolutely any price. We should better take notice of the Berliners who, according to a recent broadcast by



Hotelet of CBS, are saying: "If the Americans are going to abandon the Chinese offshore islands, will they not also eventually abandon Berlin, which is also a small island in a Communist sea?"

Since peace at almost any price would now seem to be the will of the American people, one cannot simply blame the Administration for its abandonment of the Republican campaign promise to "roll back the Iron Curtain." The responsibility of our present short-sighted policy, as for the loss of China to the Free World under the Truman Administration, lies with Owen Lattimore, John Davies, John Stewart Service, and other State Department "experts" and Foreign Service officials; with the Institute of Public Relations and the foundations which subsidized it; and with the host of journalists, commentators, columnists, and editors who followed the Lattimore line, and thus helped to delude the United States government and public concerning the nature and aims of the Chinese Communists.

TRULY, the evil which men do lives after them even if their reputations lie mouldering in the grave. Lattimore is no longer permitted to poison the minds of Johns Hopkins' students or of the public at large; John Davies has been dismissed from the State Department for unreliability and lack of judgment; Edgar Snow no longer mis-

leads the readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* concerning the nature and aims of the Chinese or Russian Communists; books such as *Thunder Out of China*, are no longer chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club; and Walter Lippmann, who used to urge "a united political front" of Russia, Britain and the United States to force Chiang to reorganize his government on a "broader democratic basis" by inclusion of the Communists, would probably like to forget that, in 1945, he wrote that "the formula" for China should be "in principle like that made at Yalta for Poland."

But the poison formerly instilled by the Chinese Communist lobby, and by those who followed in its train, was so potent that it still confuses the mind and weakens the arm of the American colossus. Were it not for the surviving influence of Owen Lattimore and his friends and mentors, both the common sense of the American people and their sense of justice would have made it impossible for the United States to pour out aid to such unreliable allies as Tito, and the successive governments of Communist-ridden France, while continuing to dole out only a modicum of aid to our loyal Chinese allies.

Few Americans any longer believe that the Communists either have, or ever will bring, prosperity, democracy or peace to the sorely tried people of China. Most of them know, since the Korean War, that

the Chinese Communists are just as "real" Communists as the Russian brand. But the mud flung at Chiang Kai-shek and his government by the "liberal" friends of the Chinese Communists has stuck. The belief that the forces of Chiang Kai-shek ran away, or surrendered because they had no heart for fighting for a "corrupt" and "reactionary" regime, lingers on even among those who never had any sympathy or admiration for the Communists.

Because the newspapers and the Administration never told them the facts, most Americans do not even know that the United States embargoed arms and ammunition to the Nationalists in 1946-47 in order to force them to come to terms with the Communists. Nor are they aware that even after Congress, at the eleventh hour, forced the Administration to give arms aid to the Nationalists, inexcusable and unexplained delays occurred in the delivery of the arms and ammunition voted under the China Aid Act of 1948. Everyone knows about the "ordeal" of Owen Lattimore but few have ever read Vice-Admiral Russell S. Berkey's statement of May 15, 1950, in which he said:

The Chinese Reds would still be north of the Great Wall if specific items of arms authorized by Congress two years ago had reached the Nationalist forces in time. For some reason or other it took nine months to get specific items to China. . . . It has never been made plain why

this material did not arrive in time.

IF THE United States had a foreign policy of its own, all this would not matter too much. But it would seem that our policy is now determined to an extraordinary degree by London, or by the neutralist, Mr. Nehru. And in England, as in India, the myths and illusions about the Chinese Communists propagated by the IPR are still believed. Thus, Owen Lattimore is able to exert as strong an indirect influence over United States policy as he used to enjoy when he was an adviser of the State Department.

The Red passages in Lattimore's books are, by now, well known among all informed Americans, thanks to McCarthy and the McCarran Committee. I shall therefore not cite them here. The dispatches of John Davies and John Stewart Service, as printed in the annex to the White Paper on China, are less well known but equally important as proof both of the influence exerted a decade ago by Owen Lattimore and his disciples, and of their present success in determining U.S. policy.

In his dispatches to Washington, John Davies recognized that a coalition government in China would eventually lead to Communist domination, but he nevertheless recommended that we should exert pressure on Chiang to force him to share power with the Communists in such a government. On November 15, 1944, he wrote:

A coalition Chinese government in which the Communists find a satisfactory place is the solution of this impasse most desirable to us.

And on December 9, 1944, he reported:

. . . The Generalissimo realizes that if he accedes to the Communist terms for a coalition government, they will sooner or later dispossess him and his Kuomintang of power. He will therefore not, unless driven to an extremity, form a genuine coalition government.

Like Owen Lattimore and the rest of the clique which molded American opinion in the formative years of our China policy, John Davies recommended that if the Nationalist Government refused to commit slow suicide by entering into a coalition government with the Communists, we should switch to support of the latter. In his November 15th dispatch, he wrote:

We should not now abandon Chiang Kai-shek. To do so at this juncture would be to lose more than we could gain. . . . But we must be realistic . . . [A coalition government] provides our greatest assurance of a strong, united, democratic, independent and friendly [sic] China . . . If Chiang and the Communists are irreconcilable, then we shall have to decide which faction we are going to support.

Characterizing the Communist regime in Northwest China as "a mod-

ern popular dynamic movement," John Davies went on to say that, although we could not hope "to win the Communists entirely over to our side," we could "expect to exert considerable influence" over them "through control of supplies and postwar aid."

THE INTEREST of John Davies' dispatches today does not lie simply in the proof they afford that we deliberately "abandoned" the Chinese Nationalists but also that Lattimore and the rest of the Chinese Communist lobby had succeeded in convincing the United States government and public that a Communist regime in China would be "democratic" and "friendly." It is clear that even today the illusion persists that the Chinese Communists can be "detached" from Moscow and rendered "friendly" to us by appeasing them.

There is a striking parallel between the pre-Munich era and today. The mistake, then as now, was to give way to force and threats, as we are now urged to do by the Lippmannites.

The effect of the Munich settlement in 1938 was to dishearten the forces of resistance to Nazi tyranny and thus help to bring on World War II. Can anyone doubt that if we climb down now in face of Communist threats we shall hasten the advent of World War III?



The Antrim Coast Road

by

CHARLOTTE G.
ROBINSON



WHEN I checked in at the Midland Hotel in Belfast and the charming hostess inquired about my plans, I said that I had no set itinerary but wanted to stop over at any place that took my fancy along the Antrim Coast Road. She warned me I wouldn't have one chance in a hundred getting lodging at the resorts as it was the height of the touring season — but I did!

So the next morning with my notebook, one overnight bag and a seat on the marine side of the bus, I watched the waters of Belfast Lough disappear into the haze as we sped along the most beautiful drive in Northern Ireland.

Layer after layer of hills stretched green under fleecy clouds, white

waterfalls gushed down in cascades like feathery plumes from the Glens, and on my right the blue Irish Sea glittered in sunshine. I was on my way through country that, in childhood, I'd heard about from my grandfather. A beautiful land of lakes, mountains and peat bogs. A land of fairies, lilting songs and the "little people." A land of romance and magic, with the snowy foam of the Atlantic surging around its cliffs, caves and tall green hills.

Ten miles from the bus terminal, I came to Carrickfergus, with its ancient castle and modern speed limit of ten miles per hour. Small wonder they drive slowly, for the narrow winding streets are edged with tiny stone houses and the Town

Hall blocks the end of the main street.

Down in the harbor is the stone on which King William stepped when he landed in Ulster on his way to the Battle of the Boyne. And I recalled the story of the old Quaker, who, having left his hat at home so he would not have to take it off to royalty, greeted King William on the shore with, "Friend, thee art welcome here."

In Carrick, as it is called locally, the parish church is dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of sailors. I had a glimpse of ancient walls and gates and the castle built by John de Courcy in 1177.

THE BUS ducked around a corner by the Town Hall and was on the shore road again. Just beyond Carrickfergus is the village of Eden — derricks and chimneys mark the salt mines where beds of mineral nearly 100 feet thick contain up to 98 percent salt.

Up hills and down hollows, the bus sped toward Larne. Ships, their sails leaning, bobbed in the swell of the sea, smoke from a liner paralleled the horizon and craft with many-colored sails drifted in Larne harbor. Here is a busy port, the Irish terminus of the shortest passage between Great Britain and Ireland, and here the Antrim Coast Road really begins.

Built on the very edge of the cliffs, a marvel of engineering, it passes through memory-making scenery. The green gave way to solid red

rock with precipices of a thousand feet or more, topped with light-colored limestone. Ahead was a mountain with waves lashing its base, but Black Cave Tunnel, cut through the rock, led me into the country of the Glens.

Ballygally is a charming little village at the foot of Ballygally Head, and on the rocks out in the sea is all that is left of O'Halloran's Castle. A mile further on, Ballygally Castle combines modern luxury with the vintage of the year 1625, in an up-to-date hotel. Glenarm has an old-world atmosphere with its castle, deer park and waterfalls nestling among the trees.

On we went, past Carnlough to Garron Tower, from where the Danes sailed when they left Ireland. The Tower, once owned by the Londonderry family, has been converted into a hotel and many of the rooms still have wonderfully carved frescoes.

As the road ascends, I came to Ballymens, where the past is haunted by stories of the struggles of the O'Neills, MacDonnells and O'Ca-hans in the days when they wrestled for spoils and raided each other's cowpens. The O'Neills and O'Ca-hans and their castles have long since vanished from the district, but the MacDonnells remain and the head of the family, the Earl of Antrim, now has his seat at Glenarm.

Lofty hills and wooded glens splash over Carnlough, Cushenden and Cushendall. The Curfew Tower,

built in 1790, stands in the center of the town, a grim reminder of the days when Napoleon was feared in Ireland. Here the road turns inland and we climb between heather-clad hills to the fairy lake, Loughareena, whose waters vanish at times. When the lake is in flood, the road across is narrow and dangerous.

THERE'S a long descent to Ballycastle and the sea again. Out across the sea lie the towering cliffs of Rathlin Island and the ruined tower known as Bruce's Castle. Here Robert the Bruce watched the persevering spider who taught him to "try, try again." Though Rathlin was the scene of frightful massacres of the MacDonnells by the Campbells and English, it is worth a visit, and a motorboat service between Ballycastle and Rathlin runs three times a week, "tide and weather permitting."

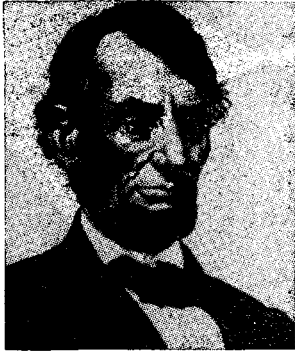
That evening I walked the cobbled streets of the old town. Taking shelter from a sudden shower in the doorway of a church, I listened to the choir at practice, while beyond loomed the massive dome of Knocklayd, its slopes wreathed in mist.

Next morning I visited the Giant's Causeway, a miracle in beautifully colored stone, it looks as if it had been built by gigantic bees. Geologists ascribe it to outbursts of lava, but legend (and the guides) declare it to be the work of the famous giant, Finn McCoul, who tossed the rocks into the sea so he could cross

over to Scotland. Here thousands of columns, a study in greens, golds, soft reds and gray-blues, make up the Little, Middle, and Grand Causeway. There's Lord Antrim's Parlor, the Giant's Loom and the Wishing Chair, while the Organ, like an immense instrument, stretches its pipes to the top of the cliffs. Down at the Wishing Well, a gypsy will tell one's fortune from the shape of the water thrown from a cup on the sands.

When a sudden shower forced us to shelter, I found for companions three young women who had been on a walking tour of the Glens. Knapsacks discarded, we sat and chatted amiably and waited for the rain to stop. The topic changed to music as we gazed at the Organ, and I learned about folk-tunes and Irish fiddlers at country weddings. They told me of the fiddler who could play only one tune, until he met a "wee little red-haired man" on his way to play at a wedding. The "little man" took his fiddle from him and played a tune and when he handed it back the "traveling fiddler" could play "any tune at all, at all." Even the guide assured us that there were "little people" all over the place and "anyone who has the sight can see them."

Yes, the Antrim Coast Road with its lovely sea hamlets, its glens and coves and mountains, with their tales of fierce feuds and "little people" is the most interesting 100 miles of roadway in Britain.



Build Thee More Stately Mansions

BY MARGARET FRENCH CRESSON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN in a Greek temple? To some this seemed like an anachronism. And a Greek temple to certain factions of the people did not represent efficiency, for Lincoln or for anyone else, whichever way you looked at it.

The idea of a memorial to Lincoln had been first projected in 1867, but it had been allowed to lapse and was not revived again very seriously until 1911. Congress then pulled itself together and appropriated nearly \$3,000,000 for a building, a statue and a site to place them on. It was hoped to erect a triumphant creation that would bring joy to untold millions.

The city of Washington had originally been laid out by the French architect, L'Enfant, in 1792. But through the years, much of the magnificent plan that L'Enfant and his benefactor, President Washington, had dreamed of, became mislaid in a hodgepodge of building. It was more than a century before Congress, prodded by President Theo-

dore Roosevelt, determined to stop the prevailing haphazard method of placing buildings, parks and monuments and at last acted to form a Commission of Fine Arts.

Daniel Burnham, the great Chicago architect, was appointed chairman of the new Commission and there were besides, Daniel Chester French, the sculptor; Francis D. Millet, the painter; and two more architects, Cass Gilbert and Thomas Hastings; as well as Frederick Law Olmsted, landscape architect; and Charles Moore, writer. These gentlemen, each distinguished in his own career, served without pay and met once a month in Washington. All works of art purchased by the government, all statues, monuments and public buildings erected in the District of Columbia must be stamped with the seal of their approval.

In this matter of a memorial to Lincoln, many suggestions were flowing in from all over the country. A highway from Washington to

Gettysburg was a thoroughly practical prospect that appealed to many.

FOR THOSE who thought it a waste of time to carve an Apollo or a Venus, to write a sonnet or compose a sonata, it seemed fruitless to suggest the value of an inspiring thing that should make life richer for all. Nevertheless, there were quite a number of Senators who were really in favor of a work of art and who felt that our far-flung efficiency did not always stand up too well in comparison with the wealth of art treasures of the Old World.

Settled at last that a monument to Lincoln should take the form of a memorial as such and nothing else, the type of architecture to be decided upon came in for a thorough airing. Since Jefferson had come back from Europe inspired by Palladio on the Brenta and the Maison Carree at Nimes, the Greek Revival had taken a strong hold on the Capitol City in this early part of the century. Then changing taste had erected such labored achievements as the State, War and Navy buildings. But now the Commission of Fine Arts was swinging back to the classical. Again this subject was thrashed out on the floors of Congress and the Senate.

"As to the fitness of a Greek temple," suggested Senator McCall, "what *would* you have? You must have *some* type of architecture; either an Egyptian obelisk or a Turkish mosque, a Romanesque

chapel, an American skyscraper or a log cabin. By common consent no type is better fitted for the purpose than that shown in the marvelous conception of the Greeks. For who can surpass the Greeks in architecture, sculpture, literature and poetry? Few remains of the architecture of Greece have survived war and time, yet we stand in wonder before those that remain twenty centuries after their day."

That question seemed to be unanswerable. Then the location of an appropriate site had to be fought out. John Hay, Lincoln's secretary, later Secretary of State, and still later biographer, voiced his hope that the memorial to Lincoln should have the place of honor on the main axis of the L'Enfant plan. It should stand in line with the Washington Monument and the Capitol.

"Lincoln," he had written, "of all Americans next to Washington, deserves the place of honor. He was of the immortals. You must not approach too close to the immortals. His monument should stand alone, remote from the common habitations of man, apart from the business and turmoil of the city, isolated, distinguished and serene."

The site finally settled upon, the Lincoln Memorial Commission, with Chief Justice Taft as Chairman, asked Henry Bacon to take over the work as architect, and Daniel Chester French to design the statue.

Henry Bacon was a consummate devotee of the grand style, an ardent

lover of the art of Greece. From the time he was commissioned to make it, it was the all-absorbing interest in his life. A part of every week for ten years found him in Washington, watching over every stone that was laid, trying every experiment that could possibly lead to perfection.

When Daniel French was commissioned to do the statue, he wondered how he was going to portray his Lincoln. Practically every American sculptor of prominence had tried his hand at the job. Some had failed. Many had produced capable works. A very few had excelled. The man had been depicted in every possible and impossible pose, on foot and on horseback, seated and enthroned, recumbent, dying and dead. He had been represented as praying, orating, thinking, pleading. As Lincoln the Railsplitter, Lincoln the Man, Lincoln the Emancipator, Lincoln the Judge, Lincoln the President.

French was seeing him as Lincoln the President, the Statesman, the preserver of the Union. For that surely is his greatest title to human recognition and posterity's love.

The statue should have the calm of the best Greeks, and still retain the intense personality of the subject. The sculptor and the architect concluded that the site definitely demanded a seated figure, largely because of the many vertical notes of the columns; another vertical note would be lost by repetition. In keeping with a classic building, the arm-

chair of the sixties was therefore out of the question and the curule chair was decided upon, that formal dignified chair of Roman antiquity. The pose in such a chair would bring out the largeness and breadth of Lincoln, and the figure and the chair would become a spacious and integrated whole. It would have, at the same time, relaxation and solidity.

"**M**ANY PEOPLE," French wrote in defense, "say they are unable to associate Lincoln with a Greek temple, as they believe the Memorial to be, but to me nothing else would have been suitable, for the Greeks alone were able to express in their buildings and monuments and statues the highest attributes and the greatest beauty known to men. The Memorial tells you, as you approach it, just what manner of man you are come to pay homage to, his simplicity, his grandeur and his power."

And so, because the Commission of Fine Arts achieved its dream of a grand memorial to Lincoln and because two dedicated artists worked together in complete sympathy to bring this dream to fruition, we have today beside the broad Potomac one of the noblest memorials in the world and one of the most satisfying.

Some two million people a year visit the shrine to Lincoln. They go primarily because it *is* his shrine. And they come away with a feeling of inspiration, sometimes of exaltation, and of encouragement.



Juvenile Delinquency and Its *Cure*

by the Reverend
BILLY GRAHAM

AMERICA isn't the only country facing the problem of juvenile delinquency.

The British papers have been filled with stories of teen-age gangs staging battles with bicycle chains, wooden buckets, fence poles, bricks and blackjacks. Juvenile delinquency in Great Britain is reported to have risen 60 percent since 1939. A great many remedies have been offered in the British press. The appalling conditions have even been brought to the attention of the House of Commons.

Equally shocking conditions in this country have warranted a report to the United States Congress. In January, Senator Robert C. Hendrickson of New Jersey, Chairman

of the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, told his fellow Senators that the United States is waging a losing battle against juvenile delinquency. That the problem is serious enough to justify Congressional inquiry is alarming, but the fact that the chairman of this subcommittee feels that the battle is being lost should shock the Christian conscience and stir the churches of America.

Dr. Martha M. Elliot, Chief of the Children's Bureau under the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, reports that more than a million children ran afoul of the law in 1952, representing an increase in juvenile delinquency of 29 percent in a four-year period, during which

the youth population increased only six percent.

The crimes being committed by young people today are just as serious as those committed by adults. The problem of juvenile delinquency is plaguing police officers from one coast to the other, and one police officer said that, if it increases, it could threaten the security of the United States. Lawlessness among youth is rampant, immorality accepted, and disobedience to all laws and rules is thought smart. Parents, educators and police officers all too frequently are standing helplessly on the side, not knowing which way to turn.

Judges of juvenile courts say that there is no single cause of delinquency. Certainly one cause is a feeling of insecurity on the part of the young offenders. Among the factors contributing to insecurity are poverty, liquor in the home, father coming home drunk, strained relationships between parents, often accompanied by harsh language and quarrels in the presence of the children — all these things generate fear and help to lay the foundations for later crime. Many children are insecure because they are not loved. A recent study of juvenile offenders shows that in many homes there are signs of insecurity and delinquency before the youngster reaches eight years of age.

However, instead of casting a too critical eye upon our young people, it would be well for adults and

parents to stop and think what kind of world we have built for our young people to live in. It is a world so full of tension and strife that it is difficult enough for grownups, much less children, to feel secure.

All over the nation there are many intelligent and effective steps being taken to combat this evil of juvenile delinquency. Family courts which specialize in skilled handling of domestic problems, including divorce, are being established in many municipalities. Our public schools are trying to improve the quality and compensation of teachers. There is also a movement to prevent the mixing of youthful prisoners with hardened adults in our penal institutions. Many leaders are advocating that we put an end to the invasion of our homes by liquor advertisements and injurious crime stories. Most cities are trying to abolish slums and other cities have adopted the rule to make it a misdemeanor for parents to maintain home conditions where immorality and neglect contribute in a substantial way to delinquency of the children.

ALL OF THIS is fine and good, but there is a still deeper problem. The problem of juvenile delinquency must go directly to the home; it is in the home that we have failed.

When J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, recently was asked the reason for the rising tide of juvenile delinquency, he said it is the appalling

lack of religious training in the home.

One of the most shocking signs of the rapid decay of family life is the utter lack of respect of children for their parents. A traveler from Europe visiting America said: "One unique thing about America is the way the parents obey their children."

This may be an extreme statement, but it is all too often true. It is this departure from traditional family discipline and from the teaching of the Scriptures that causes most of our problems. Our new approach to the child problem, advocated by some academic teachers who know too little of life and nothing of the Scriptures, has ushered in an era of parental indulgence and this indulgence has upset the decorum of our homes. This new approach rules out the wisdom of discipline, declaring that all a child needs is free expression of all his inward desires.

First, we need love in the home. Children need love. They crave and deserve affection. If they don't have it, their behavior becomes wrong and their lives become unbalanced.

Second, a child needs understanding. Many parents do not try to reason with their children; they do not try to understand them.

Third, a child needs wise and prayerful counseling on the part of parents. Many children are afraid to go to their parents for counsel. Parents many times treat children as children when they often need to be talked to like grown-ups. They

need to be reasoned with and counseled and taken into our confidence.

Fourth, parents need to set the example in the home by mutual affection and understanding. If parents argue, disagree and air their differences in the presence of their children, what else can they expect but that their children grow up the same way? If parents drink, oftentimes children will grow up to be drunkards. If parents indulge in loose talk about immorality, their children are likely to grow up to be immoral.

Fifth, children need a spiritual example set in the home. All too often parents take their children to Sunday School but never set the example by going themselves. One of the greatest insurances against juvenile delinquency is faithful church attendance.

A study of approximately 2,000 juvenile delinquents in Detroit revealed that about three-fourths of them went to religious services after getting into trouble. In at least two cases out of three those that went to church apparently straightened out and committed no further offenses.

THE importance of religion in combating juvenile delinquency is well recognized. Mr. Hoover, the FBI director, has said that most young delinquents have never been inside a church.

If you parents do not care to have Bible-reading and prayer in the

home for yourselves, then have it — daily — for the sake of your children. It has been said by many juvenile judges that they cannot recall one single case of juvenile delinquency where there was faithful Bible reading and prayer in the home. You parents that refuse to have daily family devotions are injuring your children. The responsibility of their behavior in later life is going to be squarely on your hands. God will hold you responsible at the judgment for the example you set before your children in the home.

I could spend a great deal of time on each of these points, but I want to emphasize still another truth that is taught throughout the Holy Scriptures, and that is the need for discipline in the home.

In a Southern city some time ago there was an epidemic of traffic accidents which was traced directly to the carelessness of pedestrians. The police department, concerned about the problem, started to arrest all jaywalkers and violators of traffic regulations. Needless to say, in a few weeks the accidents were reduced tremendously. A great many of the citizens of the city were enraged by the discipline of the police who were concerned enough to enforce the law, but the procedure produced the right result — the saving of life and limb of the population.

Proper discipline in the home is the product of love and concern. How can we say that we love our children when we see them become

more disrespectful of authority, more irreverent and more barbaric and do nothing about it? Many psychiatrists today are beginning to realize that children do need discipline.

The Bible is not silent on this most important subject of home discipline. Proverbs 19:18 says: "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Proverbs 22:15 says: "Foolishness is found in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."

I am not advocating cruelty to children, may God forbid, but I am concerned about the conduct of our modern-day children; and I believe that our problem of child behavior has increased in the same proportion as our disinterest in the Word of God has increased. We must have a revival of loving, firm, planned Christian discipline if we are to maintain the sanctity of the home.

WITH the foregoing Scriptures as a background I would like to suggest the following in regard to this most important problem:

First — discipline shows the child you love him.

The Bible has said: "He that spareth his rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." (Proverbs 13:24)

Many modern-day parents boast about never having had to spank their children. I have four of my own and I have observed hundreds of others, and I have seen few

children in my life who didn't need some kind of corrective discipline.

Many modern-day mothers see little of their children. Because of the late hours of the parents, the child gets up alone, eats little or no breakfast, goes off to school, comes home to find mother at the bridge club, goes to the teen-canteen, comes home at night to find the parents gone to another party. The mad whirl of social demands has disintegrated many a home.

Parents of today have little time to visit with their children, much less to train and discipline them. It takes time to "train up a child in the way he should go," and, if we take the time to discipline our children lovingly, it will show them that we have genuine affection for them.

The fact that chastening is a manifestation of the right kind of parental love is also illustrated by God's attitude toward His children. The Bible says: "For whom the Lord loveth He correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth." (Jeremiah 10:24)

Susanna Wesley, the mother of John Wesley, had 19 children, and it is said that she would not allow one of them to cry aloud. When asked the secret of her discipline, she said, "Prayer and hickory." If prayer, love and understanding did not accomplish her purpose, she did not hesitate to resort to "hickory"; and, of course, even the hickory must have been applied lovingly and

prayerfully or she could never have presented to the world a John and a Charles Wesley.

Second — discipline teaches the child that sin brings pain. When nature's laws are transgressed, the offender must pay. This is a rule and law of life. It is not usually enough for a child to be told that fire is hot and will burn. He usually learns this lesson most effectively by putting his little hand on a hot stove.

Parents can explain the law of gravity and the danger of climbing, but the child learns more about the law of gravity when he falls out of a tree than he does from the lips of his elders.

He can read in the comic books that "crime does not pay," but he can learn more about the folly of doing wrong when, having disobeyed, he experiences good, sound discipline than he can from all of the so-called theories in the comic books. Experience is a great teacher and this unspanked generation's education has been sadly neglected.

Third — discipline teaches the child respect for authority.

It is conceded now by psychologists that the first three or four years of a child's training are most important. It is in these tender years that the pattern for growth and development is made. During these years he learns what love is, what pain is, and what respect for authority is.

It has been observed that children can steal before they can walk, and

lie before they can talk; so religious training and Christian discipline cannot begin too soon.

The best way to combat juvenile delinquency is not by setting up more social agencies to deal with the problem, but to restore the old-fashioned Christian home where disobedience and disrespect were frowned upon, and where lawlessness was dealt with effectively by parents who were concerned about their children's welfare. Oddly enough, in those days the world had never heard of "juvenile delinquency."

THE WORD *home* is distinctively a holy word. It is so uniquely Christian that the language and dialects of heathen tongues do not contain its equivalent. It is part and parcel of the Christian faith.

God has worked and is working in and through the human family to accomplish His purposes in the world. He created the first woman and man and ordained them to bring forth children. It was from the holy hearths of God-fearing homes that God chose His prophets, kings and priests. Into a humble, devout, reverent home His own Son was born and from there began His mission of redemption.

The foundations of civilization are no stronger and no more enduring than the corporate integrity of the homes on which they rest. If the home deteriorates, civilization will crumble and fall.

There are still those who speak reverently of their sainted, holy mothers and fathers who brought them up in fear and admonition of the Lord. I wonder how many of today's children, when grown to manhood, will be able to speak reverently of the spiritual qualities of their parents.

Let me pause a moment to thank God for a Christian mother and father who faithfully, by both precept and example, brought me up to worship God. I only hope that I may have as effective an influence on my children as my parents had on me. My prayer is that I may be worthy of the name *father* and that God will give me, along with millions of others, the strength and the wisdom to bring them up to love God, to respect authority, and in the Spirit of Christ to serve their fellowmen. If I fail at this point, I shall have fumbled my greatest opportunity as a parent. The same can be said of you, parent.

When discipline is administered in the spirit of love it can demonstrate to the child that life is not a mere hodge-podge of uncontrolled actions and selfish expressions, but that life is orderly, controlled and regulated.

And of course, when he is old enough to understand the meaning of Christ's redemptive work, it will become your parental privilege to lead him to Jesus, who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

The Mountain with Two Names

By RAFE GIBBS

“AND, if I am elected, I will fight to have the name of your beautiful mountain . . .”

The speaker, leaning over the end railing of the observation car, waved his handkerchief frantically at the train engineer, and began again:

“I say, if I am elected, I will fight to have the name of your beautiful mountain . . .”

Just then, the engineer tooted his whistle (as previously instructed) and the train began to churn away. The politician was saved, because the railside audience back in 1910 numbered both those who would keep “Rainier” as the name of Washington State’s glacier-ribbed, 14,408-foot mountain, and those who would officially change the name to “Tacoma.” Thousands of Washingtonians already had changed the name to Mount Tacoma, and this name appeared on many postcards and maps — particularly those sold in the city of Tacoma.

The feuding over the name — mostly between residents of Seattle and Tacoma — started late in the nineteenth century, and continued for almost 50 years. Tourists who traveled to western Washington during that period to view the nation’s third highest mountain were as confused, when asking directions, as woodpeckers in a petrified forest.

A tourist, braking his heavily burdened Model-T beside a farmhouse near Tacoma, would ask:

“Is this the right road to Mount Rainier?”

“Never heard of it, but if you’d like to see Mount Tacoma . . .”

Captain George Vancouver started it all in 1792, when he sailed his ship up Washington’s Puget Sound, spotted a snow-capped mountain peak wearing a tilted halo of clouds, and commented to a bosun, “Guess I’ll name that one after my old friend, Cap’n Peter Rainier — he’s a good man.”

The mountain Vancouver had sighted — and named — is said by some to have no equal for variety of attractions. Twenty-eight glaciers, some of giant size, move in their slow, mysterious way down the different sides of the mountain. They cover, in all, 48 square miles. Snow-shrouded “ghost forests” stalk high slopes. There are waterfalls as delicate as French lace — foaming, careening streams that come to rest in the laps of still lakes — valleys daubed like an artist’s palette with the many hues of different sub-alpine wild flowers (some 700 varieties) — huckleberries that bring the most satisfying grunts from black bears — trout that do the same for fishermen — hundreds of miles of

hiking trails and skiing slopes — and high above all this, the everlasting snows of the peak which was once 2,000 feet higher until the mountain blew its top.

In 1899, the Federal government wrapped up the mountain and the surrounding area in one package, and called it Mount Rainier National Park. Although the mountain stands about 55 miles southeast of Tacoma, it seems almost at that city's doorstep, and Tacoma would just as soon have included it in its city limits. Certainly, it felt, the name should be changed to "Tacoma."

A bit farther away, Seattle folk, who were in a race with Tacomaites for major port honors, had no thought of calling the mountain "Seattle," but they strangled over the word, "Tacoma."

LEADERS of the fight in Tacoma produced aged Indians who would explain that *Ta-ko-mah* was the original Indian name for the mountain, and that it meant "the breast that nourishes."

"Not only euphonious but beautifully poetical in its meaning," pointed out the Tacomaites. "Surely, *Tacoma* is a most appropriate name for a mountain whose glacial streams perpetually nourish the plains at its feet. And who was this Rainier, anyway? An Englishman who not only never saw this country, but was inimical to it and its institutions."

And did Seattleites take this sit-

ting down? Not by a mountain site! They produced equally ancient Indians who explained that *Ta-ko-mah* in their language merely meant "mountain." Not only that, but there had been other Indian names for the mountain — *Stiquak* or *Chebollyp*.

Added the Seattleites: "As for the name, *Rainier*, it was given by Vancouver, the first white man who ever saw the mountain, and who certainly earned the right to name what he discovered. It appears on his charts of the region, and, as all his nomenclature has been adopted by the United States Coast Survey, there is no reason why an exception should be made in this case."

Compromises such as "Raicoma" or "Taconier" were suggested, but neither faction would budge. Finally, in 1924, the fight was carried to the United States Congress, with rival lobbies sent to Washington to aid and abet their cause. The Tacomaites won the first round by getting the Senate to pass a bill to change the name, but then the Seattleites maneuvered to get it all snarled up in the Public Lands Committee — apparently forever.

Today, if you go to Tacoma, you can purchase a postcard of "Mount Rainier" in all its majesty. But, if you talk to an old-timer, he may sound off as one did to us: "Rainier. Humph! Not a fit name for an ant hill. But Tacoma. Listen to the sound of the name — like thunder rolling down the mountain."

Adventure in the Agony Column

BY PETER HEWITT

ON MARCH 7TH, three years ago, the first of what turned out to be a remarkable series of advertisements appeared in the personal column of London's *Daily Telegraph*.

It read, quite simply:

SEA-WYF: HOME AT LAST. PLEASE GET IN TOUCH. BISCUIT.

The advertisement attracted little attention to casual readers of the column and apparently was not seen by the person for whom it was intended. For, on March 12th, the following appeared:

SEA-WYF: HAVE RETURNED WITH FATTED CALF BUT NO UNSUITABLE MEMORIES. PLEASE GET IN TOUCH. BISCUIT.

Still there was no response, and four days later Biscuit tried again:

SEA-WYF: AM CERTAIN YOU ARE ALIVE. ARE YOU AFRAID OF PAST OR ME? BISCUIT.

The advertisements were, by now, beginning to attract attention, but Sea-Wyf, if she had seen them, determined to say nothing. Biscuit,

however, was equally determined, and in his next attempt tried new tactics:

SEA-WYF: INTEND TO FIND YOU BY PUBLISHING STORY OF 14 WEEKS AND NUMBER FOUR. BISCUIT.

On March 26th came the first reply — but not, as one would expect, from Sea-Wyf.

BISCUIT: THE COMPACT IS STILL MORE VITAL AFTER THESE NINE YEARS. BULLDOG.

Three days later Biscuit replied with:

BULLDOG: THANKS FOR CONFIRMING SEA-WYF IS ALIVE. PLEASE PUT IN TOUCH. BISCUIT.

And then, on April 6th, came the mysterious, dramatic message:

BULLDOG: NUMBER FOUR WAS THIEVING ANIMAL. INTEND TO FIND SEA-WYF. BISCUIT.

How had Bulldog confirmed that Sea-Wyf was still alive? What had prompted Biscuit to call Number Four a thieving animal?

Still there had been no reply from Sea-Wyf, and Biscuit decided to carry out his threat. On April 11th came:

PUBLISHER REQUIRED FOR WAR STORY OF THREE MEN OF AUTHORITY AND ONE WOMAN ADRIFT 14 WEEKS ON FLOAT IN INDIAN OCEAN. SURVIVORS PARTED WITH NICKNAMES ONLY AND COMPACT TO FORGET. "WERE THEY RIGHT?" THEME. — BOX P.R. 14672, *Daily Telegraph*.

The response was immediate:

BISCUIT: DO NOT PUBLISH. GIVE ME A WEEK TO THINK. SEA-WYF.

The heart-rending reply came three days later:

SEA-WYF: ANYTHING YOU ASK — "EVEN UNTO HALF MY WATER-RATION." BISCUIT.

Four days later:

BISCUIT: WHY DO YOU INSIST ON SEEING ME AGAIN? SEA-WYF.

And the plaintive answer:

SEA-WYF: AMOR OMNIA VINCIT — I HOPE. BISCUIT.

That was enough for Sea-Wyf who, four days later, on April 27th, answered:

BISCUIT: IF I AGREE TO LET YOU SEE ME AGAIN WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO MENTION 14 WEEKS? SEA-WYF.

READERS who had been following the messages with interest may possibly have missed another sinister advertisement which appeared lower down in the column on the same day. Crammed between an appeal for photographs of Caruso in London and for information regarding the next-of-kin of a solicitor in Surrey, appeared:

BISCUIT TO LAURIE: KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF THIS BUSINESS.

Who was Laurie? Was he Number Four, the "thieving animal," referred to by Biscuit? We shall never know, for that was Laurie's last mention in the drama.

In reply to Sea-Wyf's invitation, Biscuit wrote:

SEA-WYF: YES, BUT HURRY. BISCUIT.

She didn't hurry. It was a week

before, on May 7th, she suggested:

BISCUIT: WILL PASS THROUGH BERTWICK MARKET AT ABOUT 2 P.M. THURSDAY ON ASSURANCE YOU WILL NOT SPEAK OR APPROACH. SEA-WYF.

Obviously puzzled, perhaps a little hurt, Biscuit replied at once:

SEA-WYF: ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR, BUT WHAT IS THIS? NEVER MIND. I AGREE. BISCUIT.

SEA-WYF: WILL PROVIDE ESCORT TODAY. UNDERGRADUATE, appeared on May 10th, although how the Undergraduate imagined that Sea-Wyf could get in touch with him at such short notice in the unlikely event of her accepting his offer is not clear. Disappointment was in store for Biscuit, too, for on May 12th he appealed:

-SEA-WYF: I DID NOT SEE YOU IN THE MARKET. WHY DID YOU NOT COME? BISCUIT.

Her reply pulls at the heart-strings:

BISCUIT: I CAME. I SAW YOU ONCE MORE WHICH WAS THE THING I WANTED. REMEMBER ME AS I WAS WHEN THE SMOKE APPEARED ON THE HORIZON. GOODBYE. SEA-WYF.

Who could resist such a plea? On May 21st, Biscuit's last message appeared:

SEA-WYF: WITH ALL MY WILL BUT MUCH AGAINST MY HEART. GOODBYE. BISCUIT.

Was this all a costly stunt? If so, it seems to have been a stunt with very little point to it. Was it some sort of obscure advance publicity for a war adventure story? Hardly



likely, for no such book has so far been published. The most reasonable explanation must be that the advertisements were genuine. Many of the readers who followed them day after day like an exciting serial story certainly believed in their authenticity.

SEA-WYF: BISCUIT — NIL DESPERANDUM. "ENGLAND EXPECTS!" FOUR FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS., appeared on May 31st, and: FOUR F.F.'S — NO, IT IS BEST AS IT IS. ANOTHER FAITHFUL FOLLOWER.,

appeared still later on June 4th.

What happened on that raft? Who was the mysterious "thieving animal?" Did he, too, turn up in the market to see Sea-Wyf again? Why was Sea-Wyf so anxious that the story should not be published? And why did she not wish to meet and talk to Biscuit again after so many years?

We shall never know; we can only conjecture. But we can, at least, hope that Biscuit and Sea-Wyf are happy.



"Heat, Ma'am!" I said; "it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones."

In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style.

— SYDNEY SMITH (1771-1845)

IRON CURTAIN RAISERS

By Paul Steiner

A SMALL Russian child, visiting Moscow with her father, asked, "Why are the walls of the Kremlin so high?"

"To prevent the scoundrels from climbing across."

"From the Kremlin?" asked the child innocently.

► They say that when you want to make an omelet in Red Hungary, the recipe starts off with, "First, you steal two eggs . . ."

► An officer of the Chinese Red Army (People's Volunteers) delivered 500 men to a North Korean Command Post with this note, "Here are 500 wildly enthusiastic fighters for peace for your command. Please return the ropes."

► Having muttered to himself on the street, "Those dirty, low-down, inconsiderate so-and-so's," a man was arrested in Bucharest, charged with treasonable utterances against the government. "But I never even mentioned the authorities," he wailed.

"But you described them perfectly," said the judge, sentencing the man to ten years at hard labor.

► A story is making the rounds in Prague that production-conscious inventors are being urged by Red authorities to try inventing a clock that runs 28 hours a day.

► *Question:* Why is there such an acute meat shortage in Poland?

Answer: The sheep are all in the Party, all oxen work at production, and all the pigs are in the government.

► A Hungarian reported to a Budapest hospital and asked directions to the eye and ear section. The nurse told him there were two separate departments, one for ears, another for eyes.

"But I must visit both," exclaimed the Hungarian, "I don't know what's been happening to me during these last few years. I don't see what I hear."

► There's a use for everything: a Berlin organization steals Communist banners and makes them into shirts.

Moral BANKRUPTCY?

By Eugene Lyons

I DRAW the text for this sermon from the font of wisdom that trickles through the press under the title, *My Day*, and the by-line of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. I have no overpowering admiration for the lady's literary gifts; yet I would recommend her column to students of "liberal" mores and obsessions.

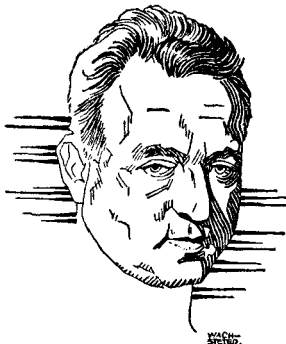
It's a great timesaver. Do you wish to ascertain what all totalitarian-minded liberals think on a given issue at a given time? You need only locate the appropriate passage in Lady Eleanor's public diary for the answer. And since absolute conformity is the hallmark of the brand of liberalism she typifies, you can be sure that her view goes for every spokesman and votary of the creed. It's The Line.

In any case, in one of her February columns I found what

seems to me a quintessential expression of the new liberalism with regard to the epochal struggle now under way between freedom and slavery. In a single, innocent-sounding sentence, Mrs. Roosevelt compressed the gist of Free World surrender to Communism. So-called peaceful coexistence, neutralism in a divided world, the renunciation of political-psychological weapons in the Cold War: they are all there by implication.

"Both the Soviet Union and Communist China," she announced, "should recognize the fact that no one intends to interfere with them within the borders they now control."

Now it happens that millions of us in the non-Soviet world have every intention of "interfering," as effectively as we can, with Moscow's barbarous rule over "its



own" segment of the globe. These millions still regard the victims of Soviet tyranny as full-fledged members of the human race with a natural claim on our compassion and our assistance. They consider it politically prudent and morally inescapable to keep the Kremlin off balance through relentless "interference"; to stimulate internal resistance to the Red police-states and to collaborate, if possible, in the ultimate liberation of their enslaved subjects.

Every act of Cold Warfare, indeed, is a calculated intrusion "within the borders they now control." Every Western broadcast across the Iron Curtain amounts to interference, as does the aid and encouragement we give fugitives from the Soviet prison-lands dedicated to freeing their native countries.

The refusal of the majority of nations to recognize the Red regime in China, continuing official relations by Washington and some other capitals with the governments-in-exile of the three Baltic republics, the maintenance of barriers against some types of trade with the Soviet empire — all of these are measures of interference.

In short, what Mrs. Roosevelt records as "the fact" is only the statement of a wish. It will become the fact, tragic and irrevocable, only if and when the whole world finally resigns itself to a permanent accommodation with total evil and total horror.

TRUE, the spirit of defeatism is rife among us — to that extent Mrs. Roosevelt's assertion is valid — but it has not yet prevailed. In nearly all the high places where policy is fashioned, cynicism is compounded by fear — but simple moral imperatives have not yet been ruled out and may still save humankind.

The press has been remiss in reporting, with the emphasis they merit, a number of recent events which indicate that the people of this country do not go along with those who are so strangely ready to write off as forever lost the nearly one billion human beings already captive to the Kremlin. Three examples will indicate what I have in mind:

1. On January 25 and 26, the legislature of Texas adopted a formal resolution drawing a sharp line between the despotic regime of Soviet Russia and the peoples of that country. The citizens of Texas, it declared, "abhor and will continue to resist by every means the present unlawful gangster Soviet Government of Russia," but publicly proclaim their "sympathy and friendship for the oppressed people of Russia." They "look forward hopefully and prayerfully to the day when the Russian people are ready and able to liberate themselves, and at the same time to liberate the world by the dethronement and destruction of their Communist masters who now threaten the freedom of all mankind."

2. On February 25, the “international committees” of the AFL and the CIO met together in Washington to consider coordination of their overseas activities. A joint statement of principles reached at the meeting included a forthright rejection of neutrality in relation to the captive populations of the Red empire, and no less forthright support of the idea of liberation.

Communism, the AFL-CIO statement declared, “is the mortal foe of working people, whether in Eastern or Western Germany or in Communist China. Free labor must not sit silent while the lives and hopes of workers are bargained and appeased away in the name of a peace which is not a peace.” It then went on to pledge help “to workers who have been subjugated by Communist totalitarianism,” adding: “We say to them that their day of liberation will come.”

3. On February 28, a full-page advertisement appeared in the *New York Times* offering a Program to Govern Our Foreign Relations. It was signed by 63 Americans prominent in many walks of life, among them, citing at random, General Brereton, Professor James Burnham, General Chennault, former Ambassador James H. R. Cromwell, Governor Charles Edison, Admiral Thomas H. Hart, Conrad Hilton, H. V. Kaltenborn, Alfred Kohlberg, Adolphe Menjou, Igor Sikorsky, Admiral William H. Standley, former Ambassador J. Leighton Stu-

art, General Wedemeyer, Admiral Yarnell.

They urged withdrawal of recognition from the Soviet Union and its satellite states and “unremitting psychological warfare against Communist regimes, including aid to effective anti-Communist exile, underground, and resistance groups, based on the principles of the Golden Rule.” America’s aim, the 63 agreed, “must be to neutralize, isolate, reduce, and eventually eliminate Communist power.”

There we have three expressions of opinion in the space of one month — from completely different sources: the legislature of a great state, the spokesmen for 15,000,000 organized workers, a group of conservative individuals — and all of them vigorously repudiate the shabby “liberal” settlement proposed by Mrs. Roosevelt and her kind. Far from conceding the legality of Communist dictatorship “within the borders they now control,” far from promising a passive attitude toward Soviet horrors, all three demand interference without stint, looking to eventual emancipation of the captive third of the human race.

THE PROFFER of non-interference with the Kremlin’s dominion is the common denominator of all formulas of appeasement; and the proffer, it should be said, is not wholly of Left-wing origin. The logic of appeasement makes bedfellows on this particular issue of people like Bevan,

Nehru, Justice Douglas on the one hand, and on the other conservatives and dogmatic isolationists typified by steel industrialist Ernest Weir.

In their various political accents, all of them declare that the West is prepared to accept all Communist conquests as legitimate and permanent. If only the Kremlin will say it is content with the third of mankind already under its iron heel, the other two-thirds promise to shut their eyes and hearts to tears and terror, to mass slaughter of innocents, to the persecution of religion, to the hideous institution of slave labor, to the genocidal liquidation of national groups.

With respect to the decisive challenge of our times, indeed, the division among men is not primarily between Right and Left, progressive and conservative. The main alignments are not in terms of economic status or social dogma, but in terms of moral awareness and sensitivity.

There are those who are ready, or even eager, to concede half the world to the monstrosity enthroned in the Kremlin — to concede it forever, some in the obstinate belief that Communism is a noble business “despite everything,” others under the cynical banners of an illusory “realism.” For them no moral issues are involved.

And there are others — the majority, I believe — who cannot find it in their hearts to abandon the oppressed and agonized Soviet peoples to their fate. They cannot

contemplate smugly a world half-free and half-slave, and think it contemptible hypocrisy to defend freedom only for the free at the expense of the unfree.

MOST of the conservatives who would settle for a divided world are at least consistent. They are for hands-off policies everywhere beyond our frontiers. They were against “interfering” with Hitler’s Germany, some of them even after the Nazis had beaten all of Europe into submission.

But their liberal bedfellows are curiously selective in applying the principles of non-intervention. Were Mrs. Roosevelt and her comrades reassuring the Nazis that “no one intends to interfere with them” where they had imposed control? Not at all. Most of them *demand*ed and applauded interference, not alone in Hitler’s Germany but in Franco’s Spain, Peron’s Argentina, the backward regimes in various Near and Far Eastern countries.

These gentry are normally eloquent in expressing concern for, and urging help for, the populations under other types of despotism. They are the loudest in berating Washington for failure to intervene effectively. But their sympathies for suffering men and women expire at the frontiers of the Communist empire. Somehow it is only with respect to Kremlin regimes that they invoke the precept of non-interference and stand pat on the theory that “con-

trol" — regardless how it was obtained — gives despots immunity from outside pressures.

They are wrong on the level of political realism, for the Free World cannot survive unless it fights to expand the area of freedom. It will be corroded, corrupted and reduced, and, in the end, overpowered by the evil thing it condones.

They are not only wrong but already corrupted on the moral level, as evidenced by their willingness to share this globe permanently with a repulsive and demonic system of power. They would perpetuate not only a divided Germany, a divided Korea, a divided China and Indo-China but a divided world, washing their hands of responsibility for the enslaved halves.

REFERRING to this stance of indifference about the obscenities in the Soviet world, Reverend Charles W. Lowry, in an address made two years ago, exclaimed, "Where is the conscience of the West?"

"What," he went on, "has happened to our sense of right and wrong? Do we believe in truth, as we say we do, and in freedom and in brotherhood and in all humanity? Or are these things mere words? Have we lost faith and hope and charity?"

These simple questions come closer to the heart of the Communist challenge than any of the "practical" proposals for placating, buying off and containing the Soviet menace.

"What is the meaning of the basic attitude of the West as a whole toward Communism?" Dr. Lowry asked. "Are we dealing with a legitimate governmental power and a movement entitled to tolerance and fair play? What are our obligations to peoples who are in slavery and who cry out for their rights as human beings? Must we listen and give reply, or 'pass by on the other side'?"

He ended the address with a prayer. A German from the Soviet Zone had said to this minister, "Please do not forget us. If you do, all hope is cut off, and our only escape is in death." And so now he prayed, "Please God I shall not forget. I want to do something to bring this man and his people and all enslaved folk out of bondage and darkness and indignity and see them able to again live as human beings created in the image of God and destined for freedom."

Dr. Lowry may not rate as a political "realist." Yet the reality to which he gave voice is infinitely deeper and stronger than the compromises and accommodations being preached by those who are too ready to apportion this earth neatly between God and the Devil, each guaranteed against interference from the other.

The moral issues of right and justice and conscience will in the long run determine the fate of mankind, either for its salvation or its damnation.

Jailhouse Jottings

By JERRY KLEIN

»»» The recreational program arranged for inmates of a state prison in Minnesota included a professional strip tease dance. "It was no different than the entertainment they have on the outside," the warden declared.

»»» Prisoners in Omaha, Nebraska, complained that their breakfasts of coffee and doughnuts were "unbalanced." But the county commissioner replied: "We're not running a short order house."

»»» Convicts at the State Prison of Southern Michigan are a literary lot. Warden W. H. Bannan says they've earned more than \$15,000 writing novels and short stories.

»»» An Anchorage, Alaska, prospector was fined \$50 for trying to give a bottle of whisky to a friend. The prospector had tied the bottle to a rope leading up to the second floor of the jail where his friend was being detained.

»»» The Chancery Court in Nashville, Tennessee, forbade the city to keep citizens in its workhouse until the place was made more sanitary. So the mayor turned the 30 prisoners loose.

»»» The sheriff of Lillo, New Mexico, freed the five prisoners in his jail because the county ran out of money

to feed them. Local grocers cut off credit when the convicts ate the county \$250 into debt.

»»» Taxpayers in East Point, Georgia, are almost sorry they spent \$200,000 to build a brand new jail. Tourists are forever coming in with their luggage, mistaking the place for a hotel.

»»» There was never any crime committed in Copan, Oklahoma, that warranted imprisonment, so the city fathers tore down the jail. The next day \$1,000 was stolen from a local store.

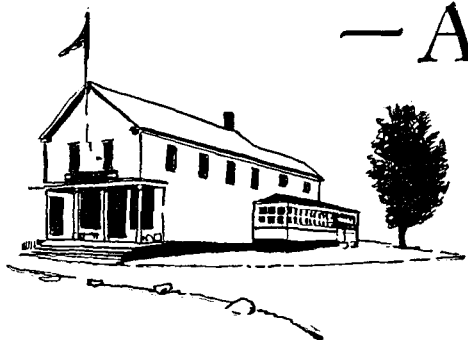
»»» A convict who fled the Oregon State Penitentiary telephoned the warden from Denver a week later and asked to be returned. "It's tough being on the lam," he said. "Since I've been in Denver, someone stole my luggage."

»»» In Woodbridge, New Jersey, a prisoner worked a year with a chisel and pliers to scrape through half-a-foot of concrete and steel. He finally reached the loft of the prison building — where he died of suffocation.

»»» Monroe, Louisiana, decided it was time to modernize its 50-year-old jail when a prisoner ripped its iron bars apart and escaped. The prisoner was a woman who weighed 90 pounds.

Calvin Coolidge

— As Vermont Sees Him



By ARTHUR
WALLACE PEACH

JUDGING by current references to Calvin Coolidge, he is still a somewhat puzzling figure in American history to most people. The Southern newspaper which once referred to him as a “damn little runt of a Yankee” was expressing something of an older, bitter feeling against the last Yankee President we may ever have. Much of the bitterness is gone now, but he remains an enigma. Perhaps it is time for a native-born Yankee from Vermont to look at the President, for at least the Vermonter understands him.

When he left Northampton for his first tour of duty in the Massachusetts legislature, he carried a letter of introduction to the Speaker. In it was this significant sentence: “Like a singed cat, he is better than he looks.”

This rather unusual characterization is pretty near the truth. Coolidge was never an imposing figure from any physical point of view, and his poker face was seldom softened. In addition, his laconic speech, often pointed, was in direct contrast with the “gift of gab” usually considered an asset to a politician.

Yet there is evidence that, in spite of handicaps he may have had in terms of personal appearance and speech, he is becoming more and more a symbol of something in America that men respect and treasure. Every summer, at Plymouth, visitors from all over the country come to wander about the little mountain village that was his birthplace. Each summer, also, the Plymouth Pilgrimage is held. Its main event is a ceremony at the little

white church in the village and a visit to the Coolidge grave.

I have been a speaker at two of the Pilgrimages and, after one service, walking down the line of cars, I counted plates from 18 states. At the close of another service, I saw a man, his wife and sons standing by a car with North Dakota plates. Curious, as I suppose a Vermont Yankee is inclined to be, I asked him how he happened to be in Plymouth. His answer was simple enough — "I wanted to have my boys see where a real American grew up." That statement sums up a state-wide belief that Coolidge was a real American.

COOLIDGE revealed through his life and work certain values that in the modern world seem to be considered old-fashioned, but they are not out-of-date to the Vermonter.

Of his personal characteristics, perhaps least understood was his poker face. In general, the Vermonter approves of a poker face. It has served him and his fathers well. He finds it useful, for instance, when trying to deal diplomatically with the ridiculous questions of "furriners," and he remembers with pride the poker-faced deal Ira Allen, brother of famous Ethan Allen, made with the British during a crucial period in the Revolution. As a result of that deal, General Haldiman dropped plans for sending 10,000 troops down through Vermont into the rest of New England.

As a Vermonter, therefore, Calvin Coolidge's poker face came to him quite naturally. Behind it was an active, closely reasoning mind that sometimes caught his associates off guard. However, among friends, he was known as a smiling, kindly man with a keen sense of humor.

Twice I chatted with him at Plymouth and found him easy to talk to, as did other Vermonters. During his vacation in Plymouth, the place was over-run by all kinds of ragtag Americans, and against these his guard was up, but there are many instances of his friendliness to those in whom he found friendly qualities.

I believe that all through his Presidential years he found a lot of quiet fun in prolonging the belief that he did not have a sense of humor. In other words, he certainly "pulled a lot of legs" — and enjoyed doing it. I submit just one anecdote of him which I have every good reason to believe is true.

At the time Coolidge took over the Presidency, a Boston bank, thinking it might be good publicity to have him as a depositor, sent a representative to Washington to see him. The gentleman explained his mission. Coolidge, without changing his expression, suggested that the bank make him "an honorary depositor." The banker, coming from Boston, did not catch the joke under the suggestion; so Coolidge went on to arrange for a deposit in the bank.

Some months later, Coolidge and

a friend were walking by the bank and there was a terrific explosive sound in the bank. His startled friend asked: "What in hell is that noise?" Coolidge, his face minus any expression, said casually: "My deposit drawing interest."

PROBING for the inner reasons why the memory of Coolidge grows more and more impressive among a wide range of Americans, I have come to the conclusion that the answer lies in his philosophy of life. He said at one time that his people performed simple tasks in the light of great principles. He knew just what he was talking about — and the native Vermonter still lives by the precedent. A word given is a word given in any age. A debt is a debt, and no if's, and's or but's can possibly change that principle.

Another statement of his, put into simple words, illustrates another finality in his philosophy — "My people live within their incomes and fear no man." That is not the mood of America today, perhaps, but it is the mood of the true Vermonter to this moment. A man who lives within his income, though he must pay a price for that faith and know the meaning of many denials, walks securely in a debt-ridden period or age; and to the end of his days, Coolidge practiced what he preached. What was often referred to as his "miserly" ways in printed comments about him was the result of a superficial knowledge of the princi-

ple that was one of the chief beacons of his life. Vermonters have followed him. Vermont today is among the first states in the country which can borrow freely. It had a surplus of millions which was a worry to the last legislature.

Many a man outgrows any love, other than a sentimental one, for his birthplace and the scenes of his boyhood. Millions of us live in apartments, rented houses, and so on; our roots cannot go deep in such places. Coolidge's roots were generations deep in Plymouth, and they held firm during his entire life. To many of us, his love for the hamlet far back in the hills is difficult to understand — but not to the Vermonter. He knows, for example, that there are over 351 farms in the state that have each been in the possession of the same family for a century or more, and his state historical society (which has been seeking them) has announced that the end is not in sight.

Not far from the Coolidge homestead — down the street beyond the little white church where generations of Coolidges found their way to God, around the small store and tenement in which Coolidge was born (actually in the back room of the store) and down the road — is the village cemetery. There, in a simple country cemetery, Coolidge lies among his people — near his father and his son whose death, as Coolidge has told us in his simple language, swept away for him all

the glory of the Presidency. Coolidge could have chosen for his final resting place famed Arlington, or some other honored spot where America's dead are gathered in Memory's dateless night. But he chose this God's Acre among his native hills. That decision the Vermonter understands fully: fame is a shadow, but not love for one's homeland and the memories woven through the years.

VERMONTERS will not forget, though all the rest of America forget, that part and parcel with Coolidge's love for Plymouth was his love for the state — and they have all the evidence they need in a speech he gave at Bennington in 1928. He was returning to Washington, back to the mind-and-heart-breaking problems of those years. He had come to Vermont to inspect the damage done by the great flood of 1927 — and, by the way, Vermont paid all the bills for it and did not call on the Federal government for a penny of aid.

The speech was an extemporaneous one, but it was carefully recorded. I am quoting from a copy of it which carries his own approval

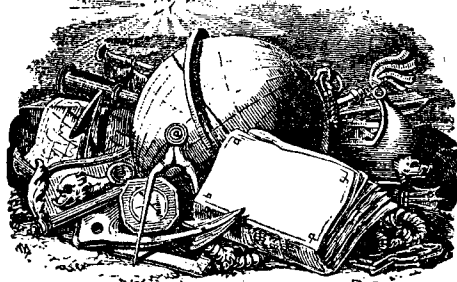
and signature. He spoke from the rear platform of his train, and as it sped away into the distance, he did not turn and disappear into the coach, but stood there, looking back at his native hills. If one had asked him why he stood and looked so long, I am sure he would have turned a poker face and said nothing. He did, however, leave with Vermont a speech which is part of the state's priceless possessions, and here are the final paragraphs:

Vermont is a state I love. I could not look upon the peaks of Ascutney, Killington, Mansfield and Equinox without being moved in a way no other scene could move me. It was here that I first saw the light of day; here I received my bride; here my dead lie pillowed on the loving breast of our everlasting hills.

I love Vermont because of her hills and valleys, her scenery and invigorating climate, but most of all, because of her indomitable people. They are a race of pioneers who have almost begged themselves to serve others. If the spirit of liberty should vanish in other parts of the union, and support of our institutions should languish, it could all be replenished from the generous store held by the people of this brave little state of Vermont.



**DO
WE
NEED**



ENGLAND ?

By Harold Lord Varney

EVERY TIME the American people come smack up against a real opportunity to do something to strengthen American interests abroad, some faint-heart in Washington always sets up the cry, "But we must consult our allies, mustn't we?" The opportunity usually vanishes in the resultant debate.

We have now been consulting our "allies," in and out of season, for over ten years. While we have consulted, American prestige and leadership have tailspinned. If a curve were drawn, extending from the bright morning of San Francisco, in 1945, to the drab dusk of American humiliation at Geneva, in 1954, it would register a black line of almost unbroken American descent.

This fatuous belief in the necessity of "allies" is probably the most dan-

gerous political mythology of our times. It short-circuits honest American facing of the master question, "Why do we need allies at all?"

We now are encountering this obsession of "ally-itis" in one of its most poisonous forms in the present agitation to hold another Big Four conference with Moscow.

Nothing could be more disadvantageous to America than to go into another of these stacked-cards sessions where we will be forced to make costly concessions to Soviet Russia and to our demanding "allies" as the price of agreement. The ghosts of Tehran, Yalta, and Potsdam stalk it in advance. And yet, at the insistent pressure of Churchill and Eden, we find ourselves being backed unwillingly into this diplomatic thieves' market. By some curi-

ous illogic, our policy makers have convinced themselves it is more important to please England than to safeguard American interests. We will go, hamstrung, to the conference.

While America dawdles with this hobgoblin of "allies," world hegemony is fast slipping from her hands.

IN SIMPLIFIED form, the problem of allies is the problem of Britain. The British Commonwealth is the only power bloc on the Free World side which is geared to contribute substantially to America. France, Italy, Greece, the Philippines, Nationalist China, and Japan are not so much allies as pensioners. Alliance with such countries, apart from their usefulness as real estate for our airfields, is merely a weakening drain on America. Britain and the Commonwealth are a different story.

One of the most captivating thoughts which has haunted American statesmen since World War I is the vision of the two great English-speaking powers jointly leading a free world. Theoretically the concept is magnificent. Actually, it dissolves into the impossible before the stubborn British determination to go it alone in world affairs.

Lord Palmerston has been dead for 90 years but his dictum that Britain has no permanent allies is still the key to British world policy. Socialist Foreign Ministers Bevan and Morrison have followed this

cynical British line just as faithfully as Conservative Eden.

The history of the last decade is strewn with American diplomatic bumbles and misplays, all stemming from the mistaken Washington notion that Britain is following the same world objectives as America. No thesis could be farther from the truth. British and American global interests clash in most of the fever points in the world today.

Let us recall a few of the more glaring instances of disharmony.

China is the most tragic example of Anglo-American cross-purposes. So much attention has been focused upon the stumbling blunders of our own State Department during the fatal years, 1945-49, when China was lost, that the baleful role of the British in the total picture has been underestimated. Actually, the British Foreign Office led the inexperienced Marshalls, Achesons, and Trumans with a Svengali hand during those years. It led them to desolating disaster.

Where we slipped in China was in our trustful assumption that British and American interests were identical, or at least parallel. They were not identical: in most key issues they were antithetical.

Britain's fixed objective in the Far East is the salvaging from Communism of the few remaining assets of her watered-down colonialism—specifically, Hong Kong and Singapore. She has a secondary purpose in China of saving as much as

possible of her \$1,500,000,000 pre-Communist capital investment.

In contrast with this, America's Far East policy is the "Open Door." Her prize exhibit, to match Britain's Hong Kong and Singapore, is the Philippines. Here the United States voluntarily divested herself of all vestiges of colonialism and won 15,000,000 colored Asiatics to the Western side by her inspired disinterestedness. An intelligently directed American Far East policy would have sternly disassociated itself from the colonialism of Britain in China and France in Indo-China and escaped the opprobrium of their past. The Big Brains at Foggy Bottom couldn't do this because they had chosen to walk in lockstep with Downing Street.

Because we chose to take upon our shoulders the legacy of hate which British colonialism had won in China, Mao Tse-tung was able to put over a false stereotype of America among the Chinese masses. When the propaganda mills stopped grinding, not the British, but the Americans, were the white devils whom China was taught to hate.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had occasional flashes of insight, perceived this seminal truth during World War II, but he could never get far enough from the Churchill shadow to implement it. The British and American divergencies in Asia were highlighted in the Burma campaign of 1941. Although at the very trough of their resources, the

British were so obsessed with their colonial interests that they fought Vinegar Joe Stilwell by every weapon of intrigue and sabotage when he tried at Ramgarh to train Chinese soldiers to fight, side by side with the whites, in the Burma reconquest. So intent were the British upon keeping the Chinese and their then colonial Indians apart, that they were willing to jeopardize the whole Burma campaign in discrediting Ramgarh.

WE NOW KNOW that President Roosevelt, at one stage of the war, contemplated the uprooting of all colonialism in East Asia at the end of the war, with Hong Kong restored to China and Indo-China liberated from France.

Roosevelt's plan never emerged from the talk stage. After Hiroshima, Churchill took advantage of the unwary Truman and repossessed Hong Kong, while American forces were preoccupied in the North, without consulting his American "ally." The old colonial merry-go-round began to spin again with all its deep psychological affront to the Asiatic peoples.

There was a time in 1946 and early 1947 when postwar China could have been saved from the Communists. It is significant of British unilateralism that during those decisive days the British in China were concerned, not with saving China, but with making an advantageous deal with the Red Chinese when they

came in. The go-between whom they used in this intrigue was Sarbar K. M. Panikkar, ambassador from India. The utter lack of British support for a workable anti-Communist policy in China in 1947 and 1948, and the continuous British needling, was the primary cause of the incertitude and spinelessness of Acheson, Jessup, and company in the face of the steady Communist advance.

When China fell, Britain, without consulting the United States, was prompt to recognize the Red regime. In allowing Britain to hold onto Hong Kong, the Chinese Communists drove a hard bargain. Britain was forced to pledge that it would make every effort to induce the United States to seat the Red Chinese in the UN Security Council, and to deliver Formosa to Peiping. Had the Chinese Reds had the elemental common sense to stay out of Korea, the British would have long ago succeeded in both objectives. The efforts of the British to keep their side of this dishonorable bargain furnishes the key to most of the tangled Anglo-American Far East relationships since 1950.

Some of the evil fruitage of this 1950 British bargain with Peiping has been:

- 1) The stopping of General MacArthur from bombing the trans-Yalu staging stations and supply dumps of the Red Chinese in the Korean War.
- 2) The refusal to permit Chiang's troops to fight in Korea.

- 3) The veto of the American plan to blockade the Chinese coast.
- 4) British trade with Red China in strategic goods, during most of the Korean War, and even the carrying of Red Chinese soldiers on two British-owned ships.
- 5) The final firing of General MacArthur on April 11, 1951 — an act which was inspired by the British, according to a revelation by Defense Minister Emanuel Shinwell.
- 6) The refusal to permit Nationalist China to participate in the San Francisco Japanese Peace Conference.
- 7) The conclusion of the Panmun-jom Armistice with the Reds, thus robbing the United States of victory in the Korean War.
- 8) Refusal to join the United States in a relieving operation at Dien-bienphu, thus assuring victory to the Communists in Indo-China.
- 9) Pressure upon the United States, now in progress, to turn over Matsu and Quemoy to Red China.

All those inglorious events compose a pattern of British appeasement of Red China, in most instances at the expense of American interests.

TO COMPOUND the humiliating status of the United States *vis à vis* Britain, we have been asked to underwrite Britain at the very time when she was trading us off. Forty-one billion dollars of American aid, loans, and lend-lease have gone from America to its British ally during the last two decades. Little of it will

ever return. We have found ourselves in the pathetic position of buying an ally who has not even backed our play.

A cold-blooded analysis of America's foreign interests, disregardful of the old sentimental treacle about our "British cousins," will reveal that American and British interests are naturally opposed in many parts of the globe. We have shown the antithesis of American and British objectives in the Far East.

They also clash in India where the British have nailed their flag to Nehru's fortunes, while the United States has found a partner in Pakistan. They conflict in Iran where Anglo-Persian oil interests pose a direct challenge to American petroleum in the world markets. They war in Western Germany where Britain finds the revived Ruhr a dangerous trade rival, while the United States sees it as a citadel of anti-Communist strength. They oppose in Spain, where American money is now backing *Franco*, while the British are anti-*Franco*. They differ in Egypt where Britain is playing a losing game in its fight for the Suez and for Sudan, and where the United States is trying to establish links with the Nasser regime. They clash in the Near East, where Britain subsidizes the Glubb-led armies of Trans-Jordan, while American money flows in golden streams to upbuild and arm Israel. They even differ in Soviet Russia where Britain continuously pursues the

lure of coexistence, while the United States still officially is committed to liberation.

Unfortunately, the American people are not permitted to weigh the value of their British alliance on objective scales. The whole subject of British-American relations is bathed in the unreality of distorting propaganda on both sides. There has always been a powerful "pro-England" party in American public opinion. In both of the World Wars, the ruthless reach of this sub-surface Anglophilism was felt heavily by all who questioned aid to Britain. In such times, the man who dared to question the wisdom of our pro-British harness was smeared and derided as a pro-German, a Nazi, or worse. Few dared to stand up against the fury.

An example of the public lynching which is in store for the man who challenges the Anglophiles was the World War II ordeal of Charles A. Lindbergh, yesterday's American hero. There were others.

With its strongholds in the Ivy League colleges, the foundations, the eastern press, the Anglican churches, the international banking houses, and such clever propaganda agencies as the English-Speaking Union, the Atlantic Union Committee, and the Rhodes Scholarships, and with its ability to reward cooperative Americans with knighthood in the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, the British side is the winning side for ambitious

climber-type Americans. All the public opinion controls which are at the disposal of such favored ones are mobilized mercilessly against the occasional truth-speaker who points out that we are stronger without England.

And yet the case for the detachment of the United States from Britain is building up, year by year, in the repeated disasters to our foreign policy. Some day the American people will awake bitterly to the fact that their British "alliance" is a millstone around their neck. They will recognize that it is not America who needs Britain, but Britain who critically needs America.

The cardinal fact in the existent European situation is that without the eighteen U.S. air bases in Britain, and without the overpowering might of the U.S. Navy, the British Isles would be naked to Soviet attack.

Only recently the *London Econ-*

omist blurted out that, "Now and for some years to come there will be no effective defense."

England, without the United States, would be a sitting duck for attack. With an obsolescent air force of 10-year-old models, without guided missiles, with no atomic stockpile except what we have given her, with an aging navy, England retains her greatness today only because of her American alliance.

Washington's agonizing fear that "we will lose our British ally" if we start calling the turns is almost childish in its credulity. Where could England go? She is bound to us by the umbilical cord of need.

The paradox of a supreme America allowing enfeebled "allies" to censor its foreign policy is not a flattering picture.

If American decadence is to be her alliance price, the question is indeed pertinent. "Do we need England?"





By Harry T. Brundidge



PIGEONS ARE HEROES, TOO

"K-r-r-r-r," cooed Leaping Lena, in her rolling German-American cooing. "K-r-r-r-r. And why shouldn't we military homing pigeons have our own Hall of Fame? K-r-r-r-r. Sure, I'm an alien and a POW, but I carried an important message from behind the Iron Curtain asking the Free World to carry on the fight against Communism. They flew me over from Germany to put me in the Hall of Fame. I didn't have to ruffle a feather. But take a look around. We have some *real* heroes and heroines from World War II, and Korea — boys and girls who saved thousands of human lives."

"Homing pigeons are smart," said Otto Meyer, chief of the Signal Corps' Pigeon Breeding and Training Center at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey — the only one of its kind in the world. "Come along and I'll introduce you to some of the heroes and heroines in this Hall of Fame

we have established. Some of these feathered friends displayed all the courage and determination found in front-line soldiers who win medals for heroism. Pigeons, too, have been decorated.

"Want to meet a few of our members of the Hall of Fame?"

CAPTAIN FULTON — On May 9, 1943, he flew 65 miles in 82 minutes from above Bizerte to Beja in Tunisia with the first news of the surrenders of the German 10th and 15th Panzer Divisions.

YANK — He is honored not only for carrying a message announcing the fall of Gafsa in Tunisia, but later for carrying a message to the late General Patton, 90 miles in 100 minutes.

GI JOE — He saved a thousand troops from a bombing in Italy, after they had occupied a village, suddenly evacuated by the Germans. GI JOE arrived at the airfield with the message from the British just as the

bombing mission was to take off. For this, GI JOE was decorated by the Lord Mayor of London.

BURMA QUEEN — At the age of five months, she was parachuted from a bomber behind Japanese lines. She flew 320 miles over some of Burma's highest mountains in nine hours, carrying an extremely important message that brought relief to an isolated band of men.

JUNGLE JOE — Carried valuable information 225 miles over some of the highest mountains in Asia. He was only four months old when he was parachuted to agents behind enemy lines.

CAPTAIN LOTTERMAN — He was hatched in Burma in 1943, and began his military career at four months, flying messages from advanced patrols over enemy lines. He made trips of 175, 225, 275, and 320 miles, each in a single day.

BLACKIE HALLIGAN — Carried an urgent message from the 164th Infantry on Guadalcanal, revealing the position of 300 Japanese troops. He was severely wounded, but got his message through.

JULIUS CAESAR — Flew 43 combat messages in North Africa. Parachuted to an agent north of Rome, he flew 300 miles to Algiers — the first combat pigeon to fly from Italy to Africa.

MISS FORT MONMOUTH — She carried the most important message of the "Battle of the Bulge," saving hundreds of lives.

YOKOHAMA MAMA — At the age of

four months, she carried many important ship-to-shore messages in Korea.

GEISHA GAL — A Japanese pigeon who, like "Tokyo Rose," betrayed her country and flew many missions, with important communications for the Americans, from behind the Korean lines.

Ask these Hall of Famers about their flights through a flak-filled sky and you'll get the answer:

"K-r-r-r-r."

"What's that mean?" I asked Otto Meyer.

"It means just one thing: Thinking about getting home."

We sat down for coffee. "We have a lot of famous pigeons here," Meyer said, "but two of the most famous pigeons of all time came out of World War I. Cher Ami saved the 'Lost Battalion' of the 77th Division. Grievously wounded, she nevertheless flew 24 miles in 25 minutes with the message that saved hundreds of lives. She lived only a short time after her brave and historic flight. When she died, her body was mounted and can be seen today in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington.

"There is one pigeon whom almost every American has heard about at one time or another. His name was Kaiser. Maybe you wouldn't call Kaiser an American hero since he was hatched in Germany, February 27, 1917, and captured by us while on a mission. But the Signal Corps figured he was

around long enough to be considered naturalized. Anyway, an American Legion Post in Los Angeles made Kaiser an honorary member and presented the old boy with a gold leg band. Kaiser was red-checked, and fathered around 100 offspring — all red-checked. Kaiser died in October 1949, at the age of 32 years and eight months — the oldest known life span of a homing pigeon. Like Cher Ami, he's stuffed and on exhibition in the Smithsonian."

"K-r-r-r," rolled GI Joe, "Take a look at the record."

Records of the Korean War, and World War II disclose 99 percent of all messages entrusted to pigeons were delivered — the highest percentage of safe deliveries made by any type of communications.

IN THE Mediterranean theater, pigeons were the only means of communication to ground forces on at least 20 different occasions. They were employed in numerous airborne operations. The employment of pigeons in front-line units proved invaluable.

The Intelligence Section was very successful in utilizing pigeons to send information gathered behind enemy lines. For example, during the 46 days that pigeons were available in the Tunisian campaign, 657 birds were sent to units at or near the front and they carried 215 Urgent-Secret and other important messages, with 100 percent delivery.

In the invasion of France, 540 carefully trained birds were used, but because all other communications functioned well, they didn't set the sort of records in this operation they did in other theaters. It was a different story, however, when the Ninth Army drove through Germany. At times the speed of the drive was too great to keep it supplied with American birds for communication. But when German birds were found in captured towns they were put to almost immediate use. *Pigeoneers of the Signal Corps, finding a loft the day after a town was captured, would exercise the pigeons at the loft, take them on a single test flight to be sure they were reliable, and have them ready for message service the next day.*

In the Philippines, particularly in the Luzon campaign (November 16, 1944, to August 10, 1945), pigeons flew 2,594 messages at an average speed of 35 miles an hour — including time out for grubbing for food and water. In the Southwest Pacific, pigeons became heroes and heroines for carrying secret messages from small ships, from jungles, and mountainous terrain. In Burma, a loft was established behind Japanese lines and the birds were used by agents, as well as by forward troops. Out of hundreds of messages flown in Burma, only four were lost — *pigeons shot down in battle.*

OTTO MEYER believes homing pigeons are the most interesting birds in the world. He could be slightly

prejudiced, for Meyer, a pigeon fancier, has been interested in these racing birds since 1916, when he raised them in his native Westerville, Ohio. During the last World War, he commanded the Army Pigeon Service Agency. At the outbreak of the war he had 1,000 trained pigeons. Pigeon fanciers donated 40,000 birds, most of which were returned to their owners at war's end, many with decorations. Today Meyer has some 1,800 birds at Fort Monmouth — including 15 pairs of fine Japanese carriers who are being cross-bred with German, English and American birds. But in event of war, at the “K-r-r-r” of a pigeon's warning, Meyer can send a flash that will bring him 50,000 additional pigeons from fanciers, for combat service anywhere in the world.

U. S. Intelligence agents use pigeons while operating behind enemy lines, because they offer one of the most secretive means of communication. The undercover agents are well aware of the fact that radio transmission would mean certain detection, capture and death. Meyer believes that with the development of countermeasures against modern communications, there will be even more widespread employment of pigeons than in the past, in all military operations. “The pigeons,” smiled Meyer, “are far from antiquated, even in the age of radar.”

There are over 100 different strains of homing pigeons, Meyer ex-

plained. The characteristics sought by the military are reliability and speed, birds capable of sustained flight in adverse as well as favorable weather. Twenty-five strains are utilized at Fort Monmouth and these have been crossed or blended to produce a smaller than normal pigeon. Small pigeons are easier to train and more suitable for military purposes.

DEVELOPING their natural homing instinct requires about a month, Meyer explained. Training starts at 28 to 30 days after the squab is hatched. They are taught to trap, which means entering the loft through a drop which permits the bird to enter, but not leave, so that the message in the capsule on his leg may be removed. Exercise flights around the lofts are initiated to strengthen the wings of the birds. Next come directional flights. The birds are taken a short distance from the loft and released. Distances are increased from 10, 25 to 300 miles.

They will tell you at the Pigeon Center that if you really want to get speed out of a homing pigeon (and this is a tip to pigeon racing fanciers) try this: Separate a pigeon from his mate. Put the cock where he can watch mama. Put a young bird in mama's coop, where papa can watch the young guy strut his stuff. Ship papa bird a thousand miles away, release him and boy! will he set records getting back to that nest!

BY CARL THOMAS

WEDDINGS AROUND THE WORLD



THE VARIED customs pertaining to courtship and marriage are just about as numerous as the many nationalities scattered around the globe.

A boy of the Seri tribe of north-western Mexico must first win the approval of the mother of the prospective bride, because she is the boss of the family. Sometimes he works for his future mother-in-law for as long as a year before he can obtain her consent. If the Seri boy is rich, he can pay half a cord of wood and win the girl of his heart at once. Acceptance of the proposal occurs when he is permitted to move into the twig hut with his mother-in-law and prospective bride.

The Ainus, aboriginal Japanese, retain their primitive marriage customs as a thing apart from the modern Japanese. Ainus procedure provides for the parents of the bride to tender the proposal of marriage to the parents of the groom. If the proposal is accepted, the girl slits the skin of her upper lip in the pattern

of a wide mustache and rubs birch soot into the wound. This is a public announcement that she is married and honorably loved.

Among the Japanese proper, two men head the wedding procession, waving a red flag to dispel evil spirits and insure a happy marriage. A miniature flowering plum tree and tiny pine tree given to the couple serves the same purpose as the American shower of rice for fertility.

The guests at a Javanese wedding blacken their teeth and the bride washes the groom's feet as a symbol of servitude.

Among the Apayos in the Philippine Islands, the marriage ceremony consists of cutting the bride's hair and weaving it into the groom's hair.

In Western Asia, the Turkoman bride mounts a spirited horse, holding the carcass of a freshly killed lamb on her lap. This is a supplication for abundant meals after the marriage. The groom, too, is on

horseback during the wedding ceremony.

On the island of New Guinea, north of Australia, the young man proposes by smoking half a cigar, then sending the other half to his girl friend, using her mother as the intermediary. If the lady finishes smoking the cigar, it means the proposal is accepted; if she returns the cigar, the young man must seek elsewhere for a bride.

With the gift of a flower garland, a Timorese girl lets a young man know he is the object of her affections.

A very old marriage custom was that of the ancient Menhir tribe in the Pierrefite area of northern France. The bride was required to jump from a 30-foot cliff into the arms of the groom. If she suffered an injury, it was said she had chosen the wrong husband. Perhaps the young people of this region are not as rugged as their forebears, for the custom has been abandoned.

In China, a professional matchmaker is consulted to select a bride for the young man of the family. The matchmaker calls on the parents of the prospective bride, presenting the visiting card of the young man. If the young man is accepted, the girl's card is offered to the matchmaker.

The announcement of the engagement is made by tying the two cards together with a red cord. During the wedding ceremony, the Chinese

bride wears a red silk gown to indicate happiness and permanence, the aim of the wedding being to establish the foundation of a new and enduring family dynasty.

There was a time when a young

Greek male would cover the doors of his sweetheart's home with flowers as a sign of betrothal. Before an engagement could be arranged, however, the amount of the dowry had to be settled.

The bride's future depended upon the amount of her marriage settlement. The elegance and financial resources of the bride's parents was an important element in the pattern of the matrimonial alliance.

THE marriage ceremony on Travancore Island, near Java, is a matter of clothes. The bridegroom presents a new dress to the lady of his choice and as soon as she puts it on they are considered married.

But for practicality, nothing surpasses the story that has been handed down to us from the fabled land of Lemuria. The young man and woman were stripped of all clothing and possessions and banished to the forests for a period of time equivalent to one month. When they emerged from their exile, the couple were said to be married if the man had provided his beloved with all the food and clothing needed for her comfort during the month's time.





YOUR SPEECH IS YOU

By Helen Menken

CAN YOU remember when you first began to talk? Or does an image rather than speech itself remain in your subconscious mind — such as putting your hand out to greet someone, waving goodbye, or a teddy bear you fought to take to bed with you. Whatever it was, what we remember is not the actual words *per se*, but rather the thought that made those words.

And so it goes with us through life, our speech is controlled by our thoughts, and, as our minds develop and our thoughts grow, so should our ability to express them through speech. Our thoughts translated into words, and those words spoken clearly and from the heart — that, to me, means *good* speech.

Helen Menken, daughter of deaf mutes, is today N. Y. Chairman for the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre & Academy.

My own earliest memories of speech are extraordinarily clear, perhaps because I could *see* my kind of words and they were beautiful to see. For sign language — the language of my mother and father, and my own first “tongue” — is a lovely, utterly graceful way of speaking. And so my first speech quite naturally was pantomime. The word “mother” was my hand going up to the center of the right cheek. “Father” was denoted by the right hand going to the right side of the forehead.

For you, learning to speak was quite different, I should imagine. And yet I wonder if it was as different as you might suppose. You began, as I did, with pantomime, and then you learned the other language, that of sound, by listening to those around you. And there I was

fortunate indeed, for at the age of three I was playing my first role — Peaseblossom in Walter Damrosch's production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. I was hired for size rather than for talent, and for my ability to do the pantomime required for the part. Suddenly I was in the "outside" world and it was populated with Shakespearian actors and actresses and I was learning to speak, to imitate, hearing the gracious words and thoughts of Shakespeare. John Drew, for one, used to give me a list of 25 new words every day to learn to use.

My parents never could have afforded tutors like that. Is it any wonder that I grew to consider speech with such great respect?

I tell you all this not as a speech expert, but merely as a person with a profound respect for good speech.

YOU ARE not satisfied with your speech? Then, what are you to do? Certainly you are *not* to sit by and feel cheated. For it is never too late to learn to undo our speech faults. Good speech is more often than not the product of conscious attention. And, for the sake of children who learn to speak as they hear, it is absolutely imperative that we know how to unlearn those faults that mar our speech.

Speech is self-expression. It expresses one's personality. Today, living as we do in a world so often characterized by uncertainty and confusion, our manners sometimes

are abrupt and our speech then reflects that lack of graciousness.

So it is not surprising that many of us speak with an excessively rapid tempo. Words tumble out and seem to collide. Anger, fatigue — we show them in our speech just as we do in our manners. Tension is as much an enemy of good speech as it is an enemy of good health and graceful living. Perhaps, if we can learn to control our emotions a little more, we can resist tension, and then the need to talk too rapidly, to slur our words, will lessen.

Now, incorrect pronunciation is a most common speech fault, and I believe that, if we take time to cultivate a more graceful attitude towards life, this will improve, too. The little niceties of life — call it "breeding," if you wish — instill in one the desire to live pleasantly, and good speech is an integral part of that kind of life.

How often a word — the one word that will express exactly what one has in mind — isn't spoken because one fears the *faux pas* of mispronouncing that word. And how often we err in the pronunciation of words that enjoy more or less common usage.

Should you have the good fortune to possess a voice that is clear and to express your thoughts with words carefully chosen and correctly pronounced, you have almost perfect speech. But I have said *almost*, haven't I? For, if your speech lacks expressiveness, that quality which

gives it warmth and true meaning, you do not have perfect speech.

How can we develop this warm quality of expressiveness? Well, once again, we must return to the beginning and repeat that good speech comes with the mind controlling it. Say what you believe, for remember that speech is self-expression, that speech . . . is you.

If only we could listen to ourselves when we speak on a topic that we truly believe in! If we could listen to ourselves when we wish someone "Good Morning," not merely with our vocal chords but with all our heart! A gracious, kindly attitude towards others will help to give our speech what we call color and personality.

Now, whether you are intent upon correcting your own speech faults or those of your children, success requires these three things: (1) a really sincere belief in the value of good speech; (2) your ability to be objectively critical of your own speech faults; (3) your patient determination to overcome these faults, as well as those faults you may hear in your children's speech.

I cannot emphasize *patient* determination too much, for we must bear in mind that, when dealing with our own speech, we are dealing with speech patterns that were established in early childhood and with which we have lived for many years. Naturally, we cannot expect

to unlearn these faults by simply wishing it.

As for correcting the speech faults of children, the younger the child, the simpler it will be, of course. For, by the time a child is ready for kindergarten, his speech pattern is already set. Yet even the very young child may sometimes become confused as we attempt to undo part of the speech pattern he has already developed; for he has learned by imitation, often the imitation of those he loves best. And it is only more confusing if he is of school age; for there he undoubtedly hears other youngsters who have these same or similar speech faults.

So let us be patient, though determined, in this desire to attain good speech both for ourselves and for our children.

The social and professional advantages of good speech are today far too obvious to require discussion, but not so the business of being an objective critic of one's own speech. It simply isn't human nature for us to be objective about the sound of our own voices.

Have you ever seen people talk into a recorder and then have the words played back to them? I've never heard anyone, either in the theater or out of it, who ever said: "That's wonderful!" It's always: "Why, that doesn't sound like me. That's awful!"

To become truly aware and truly objective with regard to your own voice, I believe you must listen

attentively to the good speech of others. If there were more good listeners in the world, there would be more good speakers.

Writing words on paper, phrases or a paragraph at a time, I feel helps tremendously. Just pronounce them mentally and forget about them until the next day, when you casually pick them up and read aloud. There is a relaxation in this method; it takes away a tenseness that sometimes comes with trying to listen to your own voice. Try, too, to be heard by someone close to you, who can naturally be more objective than you. And let it be someone who loves you.

And remember, no matter what you choose to read aloud, *get the thoughts behind the words*. Whether the phrases or the paragraphs are from the Bible or from one of Shakespeare's plays, understand what you're reading and the words will come trippingly off the tongue.

Television, if we use it properly, can be an expert tool to aid us in teaching our children to regard good speech as a natural and desirable thing. Recordings made by persons with excellent speech also are helpful both to adults and to children.

In listing the tools one needs when setting out to correct speech faults, I should certainly add: begin to *enjoy* your dictionary! Why not enjoy it? Far from being dull, it is probably the greatest "how-to" book ever published. Teach your children how to use it. Make a game

of correct pronunciation and use your dictionary as your authority. Your children will find it great fun.

Today speech training has attained its rightful place on the curriculum at both elementary and high school levels. And perhaps the healthiest sign of all is the awareness on the part of parents, who now realize the extent to which their children's emotional, social and mental reactions are manifested in their speech.

THIS is truly a new era in speech training. A knowledge and appreciation of what good speech can mean to a person's personal happiness and success has helped wash away most of the resistance speech training at one time faced. Speech classes today are modern in their methods and thoroughly enjoyable.

Still another avenue for making all of us—and particularly our young people—conscious of and anxious to preserve the beauty of the English language is the Shakespearian Theatre and Academy. The Academy, which is now raising a half-million dollars for its buildings, already is taking students, many of whom have no desire to act in the theater but simply want to study the Bard's great plays and improve their speech. When the theater is completed, in Connecticut at Stratford and the Shakespearian productions begin—and later tour the states each year—the cause of good speech will really be "on the road."



HUTCHINS *to investigate* COMMUNISM?

By J. B. Matthews

THE Fund for the Republic — Robert Maynard Hutchins presiding — has launched an investigation of “the penetration of Communist influence in American life.” The project has been allocated the sum of \$250,000, to be expended over a two-year period and to result in the publication of ten volumes.

The Fund for the Republic, let it be noted, is an offshoot of the Ford Foundation, the two-fold purpose of whose origination was the now-familiar ends of (1) tax dodging and (2) the retention in family hands of the control of a vast industrial empire.

The Fund for the Republic was put afloat — destination uncertain — on the waters of so-called public service, powered by a grant of \$15,000,000.

The assets of the Ford Foundation have been estimated at one-half billion dollars, a calculation based on the presumption of continued sales of Ford automobiles at the current rate. As long as automobiles and profits roll from the Ford empire’s assembly line without serious curtailment as a result of Plymouth competition, ample finances will be available for the Fund’s and the Foundation’s projects, however

whimsical or devoid of public interest and necessity the latter may be.

By virtue of the legislative provision for tax exemption, all the funds of such foundations as Ford's assume a quasi-public character. The people of the United States have a legal right, no matter how poorly or indifferently exercised, to know for what propagandistic ends — if any — the moneys of these and other foundations are expended. If the Fund for the Republic turns out to be a super-super-propaganda *Nautilus*, whose upkeep adds to the already excessive burdens of American taxpayers, these usually silent, brow-beaten, and apathetic contributors to the public till have a right and a duty to know all about it.

ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS lustily disapproves — to put it mildly — of legislative inquiries into the subject of "Communist influence in American life." These duly and responsibly authorized investigations of Communism and its conspiratorial operations have frequently caused his blood pressure to rise noticeably. Now, with a quasi-public till of \$15,000,000 into which he may dip irresponsibly and at will, his own investigation of Communism will show what he can do.

Fifteen million dollars is nothing to sneeze at; but it's something to play with, and Bob Hutchins, president of the Fund for the Republic, is a playful fellow.

When Hutchins quit the chancel-

lorship of the University of Chicago four years ago, *Life* magazine headed the story of his resignation, "Chicago Loses Its Boy Wonder." The appellation, "Boy Wonder," has stuck to Hutchins — solely as a result of his own ideological prankishness — through the quarter of a century since his election, at the age of thirty, as president of the rambling university on Chicago's South Side. Let us say that he is intellectually frolicsome, while bouncing from the Rockefeller to the Ford millions on his semantic pogo stick.

If there is anything Hutchins likes better than having millions to play with, it is to play with words. It's a dull day for Bob when he does not hand the public one of his own special brand of epigram. Literalists beware!

Speaking obliquely on the question of Communists' teaching at the University of Chicago or at other institutions of learning, Hutchins expressed himself in the following manner: "No faculty member can ever be fired except for rape or murder committed in broad daylight before three witnesses."

Inasmuch as rape is never — and murder rarely ever — committed under the conditions prescribed by the chancellor as grounds for dismissal of a faculty member, Hutchins said, if taken literally, that his faculty members had unrestricted license to commit all the lesser felonies — kidnapping, etc. — without jeopardizing their academic status.

Hutchins did not, of course, mean what he said, which is often the case. He was still the boy wonder, indulging in an infantile exaggeration to make it indubitably clear that Communists would not be fired from his faculty because they were Communists. Never having outgrown the first, a second childhood is one of the mortal infirmities to which Bobby Hutchins will never be heir.

Six years ago, Hutchins was interrogated before the Illinois State Legislature with reference to the Communist infiltration of the University of Chicago. In the course of the questioning, he was asked: "Is there any doubt that the Communist Party is a conspiratorial fifth column operating in the interest of a foreign state?" Hutchins' reply under oath was as follows: "I am not instructed on this subject." He might have added that he had played hooky when millions of Americans were being taught the facts about the Communist conspiracy in the United States.

Now, however, as president of the fifteen-million-dollar Fund for the Republic at the age of 55, but still in his ideological swaddling clothes, Hutchins has authorized a large research project allegedly to determine the nature and extent, if any, of the Communist penetration into various institutions of American society, including the colleges and the universities.

Once at least, Mother Goose in-

dulged in a bit of sarcasm which suggests a question for Hutchins:

A diller, a dollar, a ten-o'clock scholar,

What makes you come so soon?

You used to come at eight o'clock;

And now you come at noon.

If one neglects instruction on the subject of Communism in his earlier years, it is better to take it up at the age of 55 than never. The question naturally arises whether, in view of his supercilious and mocking attitude toward the menace of Communism over the long years of his chancellorship at Chicago, Hutchins now intends seriously to receive instruction on this subject. Is the real objective of his present investigation the exposure of the Communist conspiracy *or* the discrediting of anti-Communists?

The project of investigating the penetration of Communist influence in American life has been divided according to areas and investigators, as follows:

Communism in Government — Earl Latham, chairman, Department of Political Science, Amherst College.

Communism and American Literature — Daniel Aaron, Professor of English, Amherst College.

Communism in the American Labor Movement — Daniel Bell, labor editor, *Fortune* magazine.

Communism in the Mass Media — Moshe Decter, co-author *McCarthy and the Communists*, magazine writer.

Communism in the Arts — Don-

ald D. Egbert, Professor of Art and Archaeology, Princeton University.

Communism and Religion — Ralph L. Roy, minister, Union Theological Seminary, and Paul A. Carter, instructor in history, Columbia University.

Communism in Opinion-Making Groups — John P. Roche, Associate Professor of Political Science, Haverford College.

Communism and Science — Donald Fleming, Assistant Professor of History, Brown University.

Communism and Education — Robert Iversen, Assistant Professor of History, Drake University.

History of the Communist Party in the U.S. — David A. Shannon, Assistant Professor of History, Teachers College, Columbia University.

The director of the entire project is Clinton Rossiter, Professor of Government at Cornell University.

AT A PRESS conference on January 14th, Professor Rossiter explained that the aforementioned investigators were not chosen because they had "any knowledge of Communism," but because they had established reputations for scholarship in their particular fields.

In some cases, there may be serious doubts about the scholarship of the investigators who have been selected by the Fund for the Republic, doubts based upon their previous performances. Professor Rossiter told the press, "We can only try to be as objective as we can be." That state-

ment, it will be observed on careful analysis, is far from being a promise of objectivity. As objective as Robert Maynard Hutchins? As objective as Clifford Case (now U.S. Senator Case) who preceded Hutchins as president of the Fund for the Republic? As objective as Clinton Rossiter?

In their writing and speaking about anti-Communists, Hutchins, Case, and Rossiter may have *tried* to be objective. Either they didn't try hard enough, or objectivity is beyond their reach. Loud claims to objectivity are the customary ideological pitchman's introduction to his selling-talk for a fraudulent bill of goods.

If Clinton Rossiter exercises any editorial influence or restraint over the investigators under his direction, the end result may be predicted with certainty. Rossiter is on record.

The Cornell University professor is the author of a new book entitled *Conservatism in America* (released March 21, 1955, by Alfred A. Knopf). On the day preceding publication, both the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune* carried highly laudatory reviews of Professor Rossiter's book. That alone meant two strikes against it. The reviewers were none other than Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., Harvard University, and Professor Robert K. Carr, Dartmouth College.

For a long time, it has been necessary to distinguish classical liberalism from the spurious, totalitarian

brand of modern times, by speaking of *fake* liberals. We are now, it would appear, entering the era when fake conservatives, rather than fake liberals, will inaugurate a reign of political and ideological confusion.

INASMUCH as Professor Rossiter has pilfered the label *conservative* for his New Deal Republicans, the only designation he has left for the genuine variety is *ultra-conservative*. To him, the ultra-conservatives are those "Americans whose political outlook is an extraordinary mixture of sober conservatism, timid stand-pattism, and angry reaction—a mixture rendered even more extraordinary by a careless penchant for radical methods."

Professor Rossiter's ultra-conservatives are represented by U.S. Senators John W. Bricker and George W. Malone, George Sokolsky and Fulton Lewis, Jr., the Reverend James W. Fife, Jr., and Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, John T. Flynn and William F. Buckley, Jr. Of the "publicists, who are especially popular among ultra-conservative Americans," Rossiter lists the following: "James Burnham, John Chamberlain, Harold Lord Varney, Max Eastman, Donald Richberg, Westbrook Pegler, Chesly Manly, Samuel B. Pettingill, John Hanna, Taylor Caldwell, Louis Bromfield, Victor Lasky, Ralph de Toledano, Freda Utley, Garet Garrett, and J. B. Matthews."

At the rightmost extreme of the ultra-conservative spectrum, Profes-

sor Rossiter places Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, H. L. Hunt, and Allen Zoll as belonging to a group "so harsh and malevolent as to be fellow travelers of Fascism" and which is "a small but ear-splitting fraction of the American people." Does anything more need to be said about Clinton Rossiter's objectivity? What about smearing?

Rossiter has a category in which he finds men whom he calls *liberal conservatives*, among whom are Earl Warren, Ralph Flanders, John McCloy, Paul Hoffman, Clifford Case, Charles P. Taft, and Thomas E. Dewey.

"The great foundations," like the Rockefeller which subsidized the Institute of Pacific Relations, Rossiter finds to be "powerful instruments for imaginative conservatism." The New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune* are, according to Cornell's youthful professor of government, "organs that hold the respect of most of the nation." How does he know what 51 percent of the American people think about the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*? By professorial intuition which passes for scholarship, of course.

In his recent book, Professor Rossiter has written that he believes it possible "to predict specific attitudes on current issues in four cases out of five," that is, the specific attitudes which a given individual, once he has been put in a general category, will have on questions of foreign policy, the Bricker Amendment,

Communism, etc. In his belief I concur wholeheartedly; and, I predict, it is a four-to-one shot that the net result of Professor Rossiter's published reports on the penetration of Communist influence in American life will be the largest pile of mis-educational printed matter on Communism ever to roll from the presses in this country.

LET US consider some of the individual investigator-authors who are working for the Fund for the Republic under the direction of Professor Rossiter.

John P. Roche, of Haverford College, has been assigned the area of Communism in Opinion-Making Groups. Professor Roche is the author of an article entitled "McCarthy Issue," in *Current History* of October 1954.

Professor Roche writes: "While no one in his political senses could deny the threat that Soviet imperialism constitutes to the free world, it is interesting to note that Senator McCarthy shows little concern for this aspect of the problem." This statement is a bald falsification of the record. Anyone who is even slightly acquainted with Senator McCarthy's speeches knows that he has devoted major consideration to the Communist conquest of China and its effect on the fortunes of the Kremlin's global conspiracy, and that he has been the outstanding American leader in the campaign to stop the trade of certain European

powers with Mao's Red regime.

Professor Roche's opinion of the importance of the Communist movement in the United States is reflected in his assertion that Senator McCarthy "devotes his efforts to the internal menace of Communism in the United States, and has successfully made a mountain out of a dunghill." If Roche thinks that the Communist menace in this country is comparable in importance to a dunghill, why does he bother to investigate one small piece of that dunghill?

Professor Roche could hardly go farther in belittling the importance of Communist influence in opinion-making or any other groups than he does when he writes: "Space does not permit an examination of the history of Communism in the United States; suffice it to say that the bumbling, F.B.I.-ridden Communist Party U.S.A. has long been the laughing-stock of the international Communist movement." How Professor Roche knows this is far from clear.

In an article entitled "Memoirs of a 'Subversive,'" in the left-wing *New Republic* (January 24, 1955), Professor Roche pokes bitter sarcasm at the Jenner Committee's report on Communist infiltration of the wartime Army Information-Education Program. This gives a definite clue to Roche's attitude toward the subject which has been assigned him in the Fund for the Republic project. He is probably ig-

norant of the fact that Communist organizations like the National Negro Congress and the International Labor Defense reprinted, by permission of the top brass of the Army Information-Education Program, hundreds of thousands of copies of *Army Talk*—a fact which makes sense only on the assumption that these issues of *Army Talk* were considered an aid to the Communists.

In what appears to be a grim determination to have himself put in the category of the anti-anti-Communists, Roche writes: "By the application of retrospective omniscience the seizure of Eastern Europe by Stalin and the conquest of China by Mao have been credited to treasonous actions by American policy-makers, thus supplying the American people with an almost infinite number of scapegoats." If this extraordinary sentence means anything, it means that American policy-makers played little or no part in the betrayal of Poland and China, and, if they did, that the record should be suppressed. Roche's plain implication is that an hysterical craving for an "infinite number of scapegoats" begat the fiction of "treasonous actions by American policy-makers." Professor Roche's entire approach to the subject of Communism fits snugly into the framework of Hutchins' self-proclaimed ignorance and well-known anti-anti-Communist prejudices. He should have no difficulty in pleasing both Hutchins and Rossiter.

DANIEL AARON, of Amherst College, has been assigned the area of Communism and American Literature. We need only a single quotation from Professor Aaron's book, *Men of Good Hope* (Oxford University Press, 1951), to get some idea of his political and ideological orientation. He writes: "But looking back to the Rooseveltian era and judging it by progressive standards, one might say that the New Deal was not radical and far-reaching enough," etc.

With respect to the so-called intellectuals of the 1930's, Professor Aaron holds that "the propagation of Marxist ideas invigorated our universities, stimulated scholarship and teaching." If that sounds like a pro-Communist evaluation, it should be emphasized that Aaron is not in any sense of the word a Communist.

Moshe Decter, co-author of the smear tract entitled *McCarthy and the Communists*, has been assigned the area of Communism in the Mass Media as his field of investigation for the Fund for the Republic.

Decter's method of smearing is use of the dirty innuendo. After pointing out that Senator McCarthy's friends and advisers include some prominent Jews, he observed: "It is of course conceivable that McCarthy's demonstrative 'philo-Semitism' is merely a pose, a cynical maneuver designed to mislead citizens in whose eyes a leader's manifestation of religious bigotry would instantly discredit him." This not-too-sly in-

situation exceeds the limits of the contemptible.

As a case study in hypocrisy, Decter is highly instructive. Among his ten points by which he thinks all political controversy should be guided, he includes the following: "‘It is not impossible’ is a preface to an irrelevant statement about human affairs." The statements, "it-is-not-impossible" and "it-is-of-course-conceivable," are identical in import. If the former is a preface to an irrelevant statement about human affairs, so is the latter. It was the latter which Decter used as a cowardly device to avoid making a positive assertion. He himself invited judgment by his ten-point code; and I have accepted the invitation.

Among the selections of investigator-authors for the study of Communist influence in American life, Moshe Decter's is the most laughable. In listing the *Jewish* aides and advisers of Senator McCarthy, he included as *Jewish* one of America's most renowned publishers who is an *Irish Catholic*, a fact which he could have ascertained in an instant by reference to *Who's Who in America*. This is a commentary on Decter's competence as a researcher. Such errors, to say nothing of his outright lies, may be found throughout his book on McCarthy.

THE Reverend Ralph Lord Roy, of Union Theological Seminary, has been assigned the area of Communism and Religion, as member of

a two-man team, the other member being Paul A. Carter, an instructor at Columbia University.

Mr. Roy's competence in research, as well as his basic prejudices, is in evidence in his book entitled *Apostles of Discord* (The Beacon Press, 1953). In a chapter entitled "The Hammer and Sickle Behind the Cross," he incorporated a large amount of accurate information on the Communist infiltration of the ranks of the clergy. But he handles this information mechanically, just as though he had lifted it from files with which he was unfamiliar; and the chapter which contains it is notable for its lack of deep insights, for the gratuitous whitewashing of some of the most culpable among the clergy, for its gross distortions, and above all for its omissions.

An example of Mr. Roy's gross distortions involves a book by Jerome Davis entitled *Behind Soviet Power*, twenty-two thousand copies of which were sent free of charge to Methodist clergymen by the Board of Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Church. A letter accompanying the book was signed by Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam and the Reverend Dr. R. E. Diefendorfer.

Mr. Roy describes Oxnam and Diefendorfer as "two churchmen who have a clear understanding of the dangerous nature of Communism." A cloudier understanding than that of these two clergymen could hardly be found. Mr. Roy did

not, of course, have the benefit of Bishop Oxnam's testimony before the Velde Committee on July 21, 1953, when he wrote *Apostles of Discord*.

Mr. Roy failed to tell his readers that the Oxnam-Diffendorfer letter recommended the reading of a pro-Soviet pamphlet by Vera Micheles Dean, a pamphlet which was on the recommended reading list of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. The NCASF, cited as Communist and subversive by the Attorney General, would hardly include anything but pro-Soviet works in its recommended reading list.

Mr. Roy writes correctly that Jerome Davis' *Behind Soviet Power* was "considered by many to be a glorification of Russian Communism"; but he fails to associate himself with that opinion. That may have been an oversight. In this connection, a statement by the Reverend Dr. Daniel A. Poling is relevant. In his testimony before the Velde Committee, Bishop Oxnam said that the Jerome Davis book "is recommended" by Daniel A. Poling. After noting this Oxnam testimony, Dr. Poling wrote the Velde Committee, in part, as follows:

"It is true that I recommended this book and that my words of commendation were widely published. I have also expressed publicly my deep regret at having done so. Also I have confessed that I spoke in commendation of this book without even reading the manuscript. When

my long-time and highly regarded friend, Dr. Diffendorfer, wrote to me of the book and told me of plans to circulate it widely, and assured me that it was a manuscript I would wish to support, I supported it. It was some years later that I actually read the book and found it to be, in my opinion, a belittling of and an attack on American freedom and the institutions of our way of life. I am not to be excused for my endorsement of the Jerome Davis book. But I learned my lesson well. I would not care to have Bishop Oxnam's statement appear in the record without this explanation." Where does that leave the Reverend Dr. Ralph E. Diffendorfer?

MR. ROY failed to note or did not know when he wrote his book that the reverse side of the Oxnam-Diffendorfer letter which went to 22,000 Methodist clergymen carried two highly laudatory appraisals of the Jerome Davis book, one by Walter G. Muelder, Dean of the Boston University School of Theology, and the other by W. J. Hutchins, the father of Robert Maynard. These two commendations of the book, printed right on the back of the Oxnam-Diffendorfer letter, dispose of the Oxnam and Roy claim that the book was sent to the ministers for the sole purpose of helping them understand "the appeal Communism had to many people." Dean Muelder wrote, in part, as follows: "If Mr. Davis' theses are right, then Amer-

ican foreign policy needs fundamental revision. We are inclined to believe that he is essentially correct." Dr. W. J. Hutchins wrote, in part, as follows: "Your book [obviously a letter from Hutchins to Davis] is thrillingly interesting. One sees the long, pathetic, epic struggle of a great people. Your knowledge of the language, your long and varied experience in Russia, your acquaintance with the spiritual vernacular of the people fit you admirably to serve as interpreter."

Mr. Roy will undoubtedly use a recent editorial from the Reverend Guy Emery Shipler's *The Churchman* (March 15, 1955) as evidence that he struck effectively at the whole array of ecclesiastical fellow travelers. There was, indeed, no whitewash of Shipler. In his recent editorial, Shipler says that Roy's chapter, "The Hammer and Sickle Behind the Cross," is "compounded of half-truths, outright lies, innuendoes and backstair gossip . . . an example of inexcusable, wicked and depraved witch-hunting." Congratulations, Mr. Roy!

Mr. Roy assails many informed and effective anti-Communists as "apostles of discord," including the late Harry Jung, Walter Steele, John T. Flynn, George Washington Robnett, Edgar C. Bundy, and Verne Kaub. If Roy ever gets to know a small fraction of what these men know about the Communist infiltration of the churches, he will be on the way to becoming an expert.

When he wrote *Apostles of Discord*, Roy was either so abysmally ignorant or so steeped in prejudice that he falsified some of the best-known facts about Communism. On page 247, he writes that the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born "eventually became a Communist front." (Italics Roy's) In the kindergarten of anti-Communism, one learns that the ACPFB was an auxiliary of the Communist Party from the day of its inception. He writes that a certain dinner on April 17, 1943, was "allegedly sponsored" by the ACPFB. There is absolutely no doubt about the sponsorship of the dinner; it *was* sponsored by the ACPFB, and none of Roy's crawling can change the fact.

DANIEL BELL, of *Fortune* magazine, has been assigned the area of Communism in the American Labor Movement.

For a period of at least seventeen years, Mr. Bell has had more than casual knowledge of the Communist movement in the United States. His credentials are authentic; his insights, profound; and his competence, beyond challenge. His first published article, some 16 or 17 years ago, was an exposure of the Communist domination of the American Student Union. On that basis alone, he qualifies as a veteran Red-baiter.

In his early days, Bell was a militant Socialist. Next to the Trotskyites, the Socialists have been among

the best experts in spotting the Moscow-line Communists. In later years, according to some of his acquaintances, Mr. Bell's socialism took on the pinkish hue of the Norman Thomas-New Deal brand. Extensive research has failed to show that he has ever disavowed socialism. From 1940 to 1944, he was managing editor of the *New Leader*.

ONE of the commonest fallacies is that which holds that extreme poverty is the breeding ground of Communism. In the *Jewish Labor Committee Outlook* (Autumn 1954), Bell smashes that fallacy: "Communism does not arise where there is poverty. Communism arises out of a disease of modern capitalist society, particularly in the intelligentsia."

Continuing with that thesis, Bell writes: "The Communists are always concerned with winning over the intellectuals, the opinion makers of society. Why is it so important to win over these people, even more important than to win over the trade unionists? . . . In a country like ours, where it is impossible, given the social structure, to have a mass Communist movement, the intellectual becomes extremely important as a means of spreading the party line. . . . What it comes down to is the need to set up echo chambers around the country, so that certain notions can enter general currency." A basic and refreshing insight, indeed!

Bell almost took his professional

life in his hands when he wrote in the *Saturday Review* (December 20, 1952) that clergymen were "the prime dupes in the late Forties and Fifties," that is, as "signers of 'front' statements." It will be noted that Bell wrote this some six months before I wrote the same thing in different words.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Bell will bring to bear that same degree of competence and astuteness upon his assigned field, Communism in the American Labor Movement. If one may be allowed misgivings, they are whether Mr. Bell will correctly assay the role of John L. Lewis, Philip Murray, James B. Carey, and Walter Reuther in giving the Communists their foothold in the CIO. The Communists did not *surreptitiously* gain entrance into the American labor movement; they were invited in, and welcomed with open arms. This may be hard for Mr. Bell to say under the auspices of the Fund for the Republic; but, at least, he has the insight and information to say it.

Many Americans may have hailed with great expectations the announcement that the Fund for the Republic had launched this important project of investigation of Communist influence in American life. This essay is an attempt to trim such expectations down to their reasonable fulfillment. The net result, excluding a few possible exceptions, will — I predict — be a grievous disappointment, a fraud financed out of quasi-public moneys.

SOON TO BE ERECTED By WES BAILEY

GEORGE AUGUSTUS PAPOVICH was a lively, likeable White Russian. I met him casually in a Shanghai café, soon after the Japanese surrender. George was a correspondent for Tass, the official Russian news agency, but during the war years — when Japan held most of China, and Russia was conveniently “neutral” until *after* the U.S. atomic blast — George had lived the good life in Shanghai’s night spots. The son of refugees who had escaped the Red Terror when they murdered the Czar, George was not the irresponsible truth-twister of the Ilya Ehrenberg stripe.

Besides being a jolly person to know, I found him an excellent tipster for the newsweekly I represented, and since most of his stories stood up when checked against the original source, I often encouraged him to talk.

It was while we were having dinner one rainy night at the Mandarin Club that George told me the Great Bomber Story.

“You will recall, Vassily,” my friend began, stimulated by several vodkas, “that during the war, one of your B-24 bombers, while on a training flight, crashed into the Empire State Building in New York. This was a most unfortunate affair, of course.” The melancholy Slav in George set him quietly brooding.

“Well,” he added, “you remember

the story as well as I do. Later I read the truth in a magazine that was smuggled in to me, and that sent me back to my Tass files to check the story as I had originally received it on the wire, and as it undoubtedly appeared in *Pravda*. And so, tonight, I bring you a copy of that dispatch. Do not use it for a while, tovarich, or — zzzt!” George made one of those melodramatic passes across the throat he had seen in the movies, and rolling his eyes and suddenly dropping his head and going limp, he re-enacted faithfully the liquidated role.

Long since, George has left China, and so have I. He may be somewhere in America now, for he skipped to Hong Kong before the Bamboo Curtain rang down. And so, because the tragedy is dim, and because George is safe from the humorless men of the MVD, I reprint here, for the first time, the copy of the Tass dispatch he handed me that night.

To all papers, via Tass:

Moscow, July 29 — Today in New York a B-24 bomber of the United States Army crashed into the Empire State Building in a heavy fog, killing three crew members and several persons in the building.

The Empire State Building is the second tallest building in the world. The tallest building in the world is the Palace of The Soviets, soon to be erected in Moscow.

snail fever:

Swiftest KILLER in the Philippines

BY BEN BERKEY

HE COULDN'T have been more than nine years old, but when they brought him into the dispensary of the work compound, his skin had the appearance of an old man, gray and lifeless.

The American doctor, at first, seemed puzzled by the boy's illness. He tried to find out where the boy had been playing and with whom, but he could draw no information from the boy's father.

"I do not know, doctor, I do not know," he kept repeating. "I am at work in field and wife comes to tell me Juan is sick. I leave and go home and find Juan very sick, so sick I do not know him. He looks like old man to me. What is matter, doctor?"

The Filipino's eyes were staring into the doctor's face, expecting an answer, but the doctor had no answer to give him. Then, after studying the boy's strangely colored skin again, he suddenly realized that the boy was suffering from the dreaded *bilharziasis*, or as it is more often called, *schistosomiasis*, the Philippines' snail fever.

Through raw, parched lips, the boy was starting to answer his father's questions. He had been swimming with his friends in a lagoon. No, he wasn't sure if any of the other boys were sick.

Strangely enough, none of the other boys had contracted the odd disease but three days later little Juan was buried, and a bewildered father found it hard to believe that a snail had been the cause of his death!

But the tiny snail is a thing of dread in the Philippines. Carried by the snail, the parasite which causes the disease enters the skin of people bathing, swimming, or working in infected waters. Once inside the body, the parasite lays its eggs in the intestinal walls. Results of the infection are anaemia and general bodily and mental deterioration.

The disease, usually contracted by children and adolescents, progressively develops so that the sufferers are incapacitated when they reach their most productive period of life. It debilitates the people, mak-

ing them more susceptible to other diseases, such as tuberculosis. In some cases, the disease progresses very rapidly and causes death.

THE STRANGE, deadly disease is not native to the Philippines alone. It is known in parts of Asia, Africa, and Central and South America. It is estimated to affect almost one hundred million people in these countries.

But it is in the Philippines that the government, with the aid of the World Health Organization under the sponsorship of the United Nations, is attempting to find a remedy and cure for this furtive parasite. It is believed that hundreds of thousands are affected today in the Philippines alone, and that, without careful control measures, the opening of new settlements around the countryside may lead to the spread of this disease to a point where it may not be possible to halt it.

At present, there is no known cure for advanced *bilharziasis*, although patients have responded to early treatment of the infection. Usually it is not until outward signs are visible and the patient is in an advanced stage that treatment is sought, and by then little or nothing can be done.

Because of the nature of this disease, it is not strange that those affected by it are, in the main, agricultural workers. An equally important problem confronts the Philippine government — snail fever may

be the direct cause of a serious food shortage in the islands.

What makes the situation doubly serious is that the areas where infection is most likely to occur, are, more often than not, on or near open water. Rice farmers, for example, are ripe targets for the elusive parasite. Fishermen, too, may be allergic to the deadly bug, but they are safe if they do not enter the infected areas. Tests have shown that the snail is not known to live in contaminated water.

American GI's became acquainted with snail fever early in World War II. When the American service men first landed in the re-taking of the Philippines in 1944, an alarming number of them became casualties of the parasite. The island of Leyte, known as Palo, came under the supervision of medical officers when a sergeant and a corporal reported for sick call one morning, each with an illness that the doctors were unable to diagnose. The sergeant, perhaps unwittingly, put his finger on the cause.

"We were swimming — the corporal and me — down by that spring. Well, after we came out and dried ourselves, a little old man comes along and tells us with his sign language that we'd better wash ourselves real good because there's some kind o'bug in the water that will make us sick. That's all I know about it, doc."

That was enough for the doctor. It was snail fever and there was

nothing he could do to help the men but send them to a rear area hospital. The next thing he did was rope off the infected area so that no more of the men would contract the disease. Ironically enough, before the order to avoid swimming in springs, lagoons and other water-holes was issued to the recently-landed troops, an alarming number of the unsuspecting GI's became victims of the infection.

LEYTE has been selected by the World Health Organization as the site of operations for their projected plan to eradicate the troublesome snail.

A "pilot project" has been set up, with the combined help of the United Nations Technical Assistance program, and the United States Foreign Operations Administration.

Six years is the time limit set on the project. This lengthy time is needed, say health officials on Leyte, because of their scanty knowledge of the disease they are fighting.

Social problems also enter into the picture to plague the international experts. To be successful, the plan must involve aspects other than medical ones. In the order named, they are: biology, engineering, agriculture and health education.

Today, biological experts are hard at work probing every facet of the dread disease. Their routine studies may include the breeding and examination of snails found on the

island, the study of infected animals and, most important of all, the study of infected humans.

Probably the strictest of all studies is in relation to the most effective manner of snail elimination. It has been decided that the complete eradication of snail fever will necessitate the clearing and burning of thick jungle growths, drainage of rivers and springs, the construction of dams and other similar methods that will discourage the breeding of snails on convenient spots in moist, shaded banks of water courses.

Another, and more expensive, factor reveals itself. Since sanitation is of the utmost importance in fighting this terrible disease, health officials are planning a more effective latrine system in the Islands than is now being used.

Snail traps are placed to prevent the snails passing through from the uncontrolled areas to project-control areas. The collection of these traps and its evidence will determine the existence of snails in a particular body of water, thus giving the officials living proof of the scourge.

Perhaps some day, wherever the insidious pestilence may show itself, the "pilot project" on the island of Leyte will be the beacon light sending forth its message of hope to millions everywhere.

Juan's brothers and sisters, and all their little friends then will be able to play on Leyte, free from fear, as children play all over the world.

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON





In the **MERCURY'S OPINION**

by
**RUSSELL
MAGUIRE**

COURAGE is contagious.

When our founding fathers banded together and risked their all for freedom, the courage of a single man in those melancholy days made possible our country of today.

In the incredibly dark days of the Civil War, the courage of a gaunt Lincoln never flagged.

He led a divided nation to freedom, unity and prosperity.

Courage is needed today.

If we are to show the courage of our forebears and pass on to our children and their children the same quality that has made us great, we must start thinking and acting for ourselves.

Let us pass the Bricker Amendment.

Let us pass the Byrd-Bridges bill wherein funds to be expended annually are authorized.

Let us repeal the Federal Reserve Bank Act and eliminate many of our present problems. Repealing this

act will put the control of money back to Congress where it belongs. At the present time, a handful of international bankers control our destiny because they control money and credit.

Let us get the United States out of the United Nations and the United Nations out of the United States.

Let us get back to a sound American foreign policy. You are urged to read the reprint from our May issue, "Toward an American Foreign Policy." Such a policy will stop scattering our troops and resources to the four winds.

Let us work against Federal aid to education. After all, the government gets the money from the states originally. Re-establish states' rights.

Let us work to dismantle a good part of the unnecessary Federal bureaucracy. Let us get back to the foundation of the American way of life which promoted successful free enterprise.

Let us immediately reorganize the Securities Exchange Commission. It has failed miserably and is staffed with individuals who do not enjoy public confidence.



KILLER

By Duane Valentry

IN THE NIGHT

QUIET as the moonlight that whitens the fields and forests, the small, dark form glides through the underbrush, his sinuous body alert for any movement along the way. Where he goes, terror goes too, and tiny hearts hidden in the grasses almost cease to beat as the feared killer lurks in the shadows.

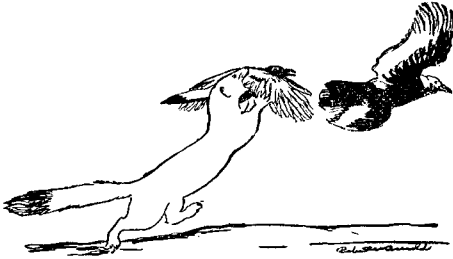
Gangster of the woodland, the weasel kills for the sheer love of killing. Night itself seems to shrink before him as night birds still their song, frogs crouch helplessly and mice and other small creatures turn to ice at his coming. Here is no hungry animal hunting for his dinner, but death aprowl.

With silent, gliding leaps, he is a match for almost anything his size or larger and has even been known to kill and eat snakes. Generally considered harmless by man because he is a destroyer of rats and mice, the

weasel also claims all the young birds he can get, as well as toothsome young rabbits.

Fixing his frightened victim with a glittering stare, the ferocious night-stalker dispatches his prey quickly. Bloodthirsty, he will often kill as many animals as possible, leaving them uneaten. If pursued by a larger creature, he is so swift as to easily elude pursuit. It has been claimed that he can almost dodge a bullet in his speed.

Nature protects the weasel as she does no other carnivorous animal by changing its coat with the season. Brown in summer, it becomes pure white as cold weather drops down. This protection enables the small hunter to keep his own life secure from darting beasts and birds of prey and to remain unseen by his prey at the same time. Enemies of the prowler include wild cats, foxes,



wolves and occasionally their own kind, for the tree-living pine marten will enjoy feasting on any weasel he manages to best.

THE WEASEL and his relatives — the marten, sable, polecat, mink and stoat — live almost anywhere that there is enough brush to conceal them and the creatures on which they prey, and are found in most of the United States and Canada. Southern weasels remain brown with white bellies throughout the year, but this does not safeguard them from fur-hunters since today their brown fur is considered almost as valuable as the ermine.

Born four to six per litter, the beady-eyed youngster early learns the agility and cunning that will make him the terror of the woodland. His long, glistening coat has a soft, dense underfur; his long neck and tapering face are snake-like, particularly when the weasel confronts his prey, fixes it with a cold eye and begins to sway rhythmically back and forth, tensely awaiting the right moment to strike.

When confined with a large rat,

the weasel quickly takes over and the usually fierce rodent gives up with hardly a struggle. Poultry yards are a favorite hunting ground and one weasel can kill as many as 40 chickens a night, leaving his victims strewn behind him.

"To catch a weasel asleep" is an old saying that goes for any difficult feat resulting from an unexpected or especially clever piece of strategy — and it's not without foundation, since this alert carnivore seldom relaxes in its death-dealing business. Applied to humans, the term "weasel" is a real insult, connoting as it does meanness, greed and sneakiness—as is "weasel-faced." At one time, the mock title of "weaselship" was conferred upon anyone having the qualities of the animal.

Of the genus *Mustela*, the weasel family has another disagreeable characteristic in its smell. Most notorious, of course, is brother skunk, but all of the breed emit a peculiarly unpleasant odor when excited. Cousin wolverine, largest and fiercest of the tribe, not only kills everything in sight but taints the meat with his own ugly smell so that nothing else will touch it. This glutton is so fearless that it will attack deer and caribou savagely, and makes a specialty of patrolling trap lines. Eskimos believe that wolverine fur used as clothing will transfer some of the animal's courage to them.

The marten, or "fisher," as much

at home in the tree-tops as any bird, also seems to hate all living things and will often show a desire to fight and kill the female rather than mate, making it difficult to breed in captivity. Minks like to kill on the land or in the water, also destroying more than can be eaten, while the ferret is a western variety that thrives chiefly on prairie gophers and rabbits.

ACTUALLY, the weasel does not feed on the flesh of his victims at all. His appetite is only for the brains and blood. Explanations of its wanton killing have gone so far as to declare the presence of a large parasite nestling in the animal's stomach which demands more food than its carrier can supply.

Woodchucks, marmots, gophers, muskrats — all wait with fear in their dens when their silent enemy is abroad, knowing that if he appears at their door they are finished, since the sinuous beast can worm its way into almost any creature's tunnel or den.

Knowing no fear, the weasel is easily trapped by man but wild in its fury when it finds itself caught. Muscular, with powerful legs and strong neck, it will be a match for even the most adventuresome dogs, and will tenaciously attack larger animals than itself even when humans are present. Ernest Thompson Seton told the story of an eagle shot

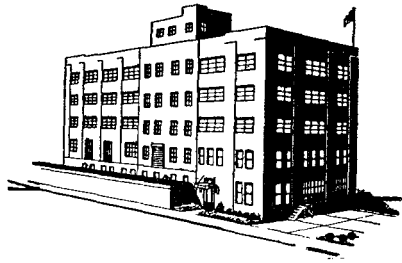
down which had the skull of a weasel attached to its throat by the teeth.

Terrorizing is a way of life to this killer of the night. Typical is the story told by the hunters who watched a giant marten outwit a porcupine. Running round and round the quilled animal as it lay supinely on the ground knowing itself safe in its formidable armor, the marten trembled with excitement, snarled and showed its teeth in fury.

Then, taking up a position by the moving tail of the porcupine, the marten quieted and watched its chance. When the former believed itself safe, slowly the tail-wagging came to a stop. Instantly, the marten had grasped the thornless end in its teeth and began to pull the now defenseless creature to a tree. Drawing itself to a lower limb, the marten so balanced its heavy prey that it was up-ended on the ground below. Then, with a sudden swift movement, the marten let go of the tail and flipped the porcupine to its back. Like a flash, the killer had leaped to the soft belly of the porcupine and had its teeth at the throat.

Such shrewd and fearless tactics have made the weasel family the most feared shadows that stalk the woods, and given it its gangster reputation. Nightly it enacts its part of villain to the hilt in Nature's never-ceasing melodrama. Clad in the coat of kings, it seems to revel in its death-dealing role.





Our Pushbutton Age

BY ROSS L. HOLMAN

WE WILL probably never see the day when we can dump a pile of steel, rubber and fabric into one end of a robot machine, press a button and pull a shiny automobile out of the other end. But American industry is now doing things with electric brains and pushbutton techniques that would have seemed fantastic a few years back.

The name for this newest industrial revolution is "automation." We are learning that automatic methods can be applied to most everything from making automobiles to tanning hides. Take the Ford engine plant at Cleveland. A rough casting is fed into one end of the production line and it comes out at the other end a complete engine block, with every operation being done automatically. The whole process is directed by an electric brain. There are 26 linked-together machines that do the necessary whit-

tling, dressing and shaping. Mechanical arms and fingers reach down at the proper moment to move the heavy block from one machine operation to another. It is automatically ended up, turned on its side, or positioned in any other manner for any needed tooling. Every movement is perfectly synchronized with every other movement. Without human aid this line of machines performs 530 precise operations before the block is completed. When it is finished, it is fed out at the other end of the line onto a conveyor belt to be carried to still other machines, to be fitted with pistons and carburetors.

Does it pay off? At Ford's River Rouge plant where they pursue the "old-fashioned" methods, it takes nine hours to shape an engine block out of its rough cast into its final assembled form. In the new Cleveland plant it takes 14.6 minutes.

Ford officials are so enthused over what they have already done that they are investing \$200,000,000 in automatic processes. Other auto manufacturers, too, are seeing visions and dreaming dreams of a pushbutton future. It is being whispered around that the billion-dollar expansion program of General Motors includes a big chunk of automation. Chrysler and others are equally alert.

EVERY INDUSTRY that manufactures automobiles, farm implements or airplanes has also to make surplus parts for these same machines. It's quite a revelation to learn that many of these parts can be shaped out the pushbutton way. One way to do it is by a sort of tape recording device, somewhat like the recording of a popular song hit. General Electric has developed a milling machine with a built-in tape recorder that can make an airplane part, for example, and then another and another as long as anybody wants that particular part. A human operator makes the first part. As he works the milling machine to produce this part, the tape is recording the motions in the form of electrical impulses. When the tape is played back, it faithfully repeats the original motions down to the last detail and turns out another part.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has made a somewhat similar milling machine. By means of tape recording, it can turn out a landing gear strut in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours in-

stead of the 30 hours required to machine it by the old manual method.

The Daco Machine & Tool Co., of Brooklyn, has developed a robot that can operate most any machine tool and make all kinds of parts. It uses a perforated paper tape and a sensor. The sensor translates the tape's message and sends it to sensor motors that tell the machine what to do. The perforations in the tape represent the blueprint for the part to be machined. The tape passes through the sensor and with its perforations it makes and breaks electric contacts. It accurately controls the movements of the motors mounted on the machine tool and guides its operations. No human workers are involved except to feed in the raw material and take out the finished product. This robot can operate lathes, shapers, jig borers, planers or what have you. You can put the sensor in the administration office of a factory and run a machine in a remote part of the plant. In fact, a sensor in Kalamazoo can operate a machine in Oshkosh.

One industrial product that has stubbornly resisted automation is the electronic circuit. This is the maze of wiring needed in every electronic use, such as in your radio or TV. Getting this wiring hooked up is a slow job of hand soldering, connecting, and other highly skilled work.

This mass of wiring is also found in combat planes, guided missiles,

submarines, proximity fuses, detection devices and other vital war equipment using electronic controls. One big bottleneck of the Korean War was in the delivery of jet planes which sat idly on manufacturers' ramps waiting on electronic units.

Since a war can be lost by such a delay, the National Bureau of Standards took on the job of working out a plan to produce these circuits automatically. Three years and five million dollars later, the Bureau came up with its answer in an Arlington, Virginia, plant known as Project Tinkertoy. There it puts an electronic circuit together in the form of building block units. Each building block contains one portion of the wiring needed in a circuit. Six of these blocks make up a complete circuit for a 6-tube radio. These block units are automatically run off the production line with only one supervisor at each production machine. It eliminates rows upon rows of workers wielding soldering irons.

We hear someone asking, "Why doesn't industry use these automatic processes to give us ten times as many products, ten times as fast and ten times cheaper? What is it waiting for?" The answer is that some of these finger-control methods of production are still terrifically expensive — more so than the manual processes they are displacing. Pushbuttons don't always push as cheaply as most of us would like to think. Then again, the initial cost of setting up an automatic fac-

tory takes a whale of a lot of somebody's capital, and somebody has to buy enough of the automated products fast enough to pay for it.

It is because of these facts that private industries in the electronics field are moving with supreme caution on the Tinkertoy idea. However, industrial authorities believe that they can start with Tinkertoy as a base and eventually work it into something cheap enough to make the end products mighty interesting to the consumer.

The same problem faces the makers of tape-recorded products. The farmer, whose tractor breaks down in the midst of a vital crop-saving operation, would be sitting in clover if he could take the broken part to the nearest machine shop operator and let him run off a duplicate part with one of his recording tapes. That would be a lot better than ordering it from somebody's factory a thousand miles away. But the computing machine that has to make the tape which makes the repair part represents a staggering investment which no small-town machine shop owner can afford.

AND, speaking of computers, Remington-Rand's Univac and IBM's "702" can scoop up figures by the bucketful and cough up the correct answers in a split second. In an office where an army of bookkeepers and accountants have to add and subtract the thousands of items in a business inventory or payroll, a

computer can take over the entire job and do it without the human errors. For example, in a Chicago mail order house, 10 operators press the keys of an electronics computer and do the job of 39,000 adding machines and the brainwork of 40 girls who formerly classified and recorded the others. Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. installed a Univac that replaced 100 punchboard machines and 135 punchboard operators.

On checking the reports of recent industrial developments, we find there is practically no industrial operation that doesn't lend itself in some way to automation. Columbia Records, Inc. has just set up an automated production line in its Bridgeport, Conn., plant. It is operated by four men and 16 machines. On a test run, these four operators and machines turned out 30 percent more records in an 8-hour shift than the regular 250-man working force on the floor above. The new machine automatically feeds the right amount of plastic into a mold, cools it and ejects the records.

Another operation that is multiplying its output the pushbutton way is hide-tanning. At its Milwaukee plant, Colonial Tanning Co. eliminates the manual work of tanning by a number of ingeniously devised machines. Two men can now do a better job of tanning and do it 20 percent faster than the previous six workers.

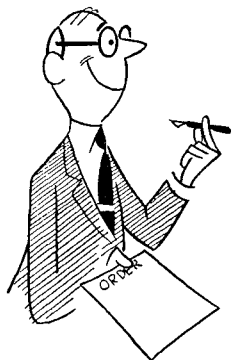
The growing trend toward an automatic social order has many in-

triguing aspects. But it also discloses an ominous note. As industry creates more and more automatons to make more and more products with less and less man-labor, the specter of technological unemployment rises to plague the minds of millions of workers who expect to be rolled off their jobs by man-made robots. If the resulting unemployment is serious it can be a two-edged sword that cuts both ways. Who's going to buy all the extra products its automated processes are turning out when that many income-earners are subtracted from industry's list of customers?

MAYBE technological unemployment *could* create that kind of a situation, but the most hopeful view of it is that it never has. The auto, for example, put 100,000 livery stables out of business but it created 3,000,000 new jobs. It resulted in millions of other jobs in highway construction, oil refining, rubber plantations, trucking, bus operations, etc.

No doubt automation will create some temporary unemployment and make it necessary for many workers to learn new skills. But so far the over-all net loss of jobs has been almost nil.

Technological unemployment has been a recurring bugaboo ever since man began hitching oxen to his plow instead of men servants. But each quicker process has worked out its own cure.



American **BUSINESS** *and* **COMMUNISM**

by

**WALTER E.
DITMARS**

• President of Gray Manufacturing Company

I AM a businessman. I am of that breed which has been harassed, denounced and badgered during the New Deals, Fair Deals and Bad Deals of the past twenty-two years. We businessmen generally have been kicked around and deluded by Marxist theorists and realists, and I think it is largely our own fault.

Businessmen as a group have lacked the guts to stand up on their two feet and defend the principles they knew were right and support elected representatives who have fought the Communist and Socialist elements in our government.

Our greatest enemy today whether in government or business is Communism.

Communism has its source in Moscow and its agents everywhere.

Communists have stolen our secrets, subverted our officials in notable instances and killed our sons.

Left-wing, Socialist-inspired legislation has tried to prevent the growth and expansion of American business,

and if you need proof, I refer you to the Excess Profits Tax Law. Many businessmen, particularly some of those with inherited rather than earned wealth, have stood up and practically cheered as they were being slowly strangled!

There are many reasons why I believe that everything that is attacking our American governmental structure and undermining American business is directly attributable to Communism-Socialism:

☞ Both Communism as practiced in the USSR and its satellites, and Socialism as it was practiced in Germany thirty years ago and in England only three years ago stem from the same root, namely Marxism.

☞ A very sizeable portion of the foreign aid which has gone to other countries in the past fifteen years has directly assisted the growth of the Soviet Union and its capture of one-sixth of the world.

☞ The vast grants abroad have in-

creased our taxes to a point where we owe more money today than all people in the world have owed in all history.

☞ Socialist-inspired legislation in the United States has deliberately stirred up distrust of management, inspired strikes, betrayed the working man and fomented what in another day would have been called sedition.

☞ Tens of thousands of American homes have been subjected to the tragedy of losing their loved ones in the wars fought "in the wrong place at the wrong time."

☞ Communist propaganda provided a sanctuary for the enemy in the Korean War and prevented our troops from winning. The same propaganda today aims at preventing us from winning another war by forbidding our use of the atomic weapons which we have developed for defense of freedom.

☞ Despite these vast expenditures, great debts and personal sacrifices, we are further from peace than we were ten years ago and Communism represents a colossal menace which today even the British recognize.

☞ It is evident that the Communist threat in Moscow is only partly political. The main effort is directed at the resources and production of the United States, and that means it is directed at American business.

☞ Socialism has been so sugar-coated

in the United States that few businesses or professions have recognized it. A notable exception is the medical profession. The Hoover report recently submitted to the President shows clearly the vast waste that occurs when socialized medicine is a reality. The same is true in other government enterprises and it would be vastly more true if other business areas are invaded by the government.

☞ Communism in business can be defeated, Socialism exposed, and the economic health of the country guaranteed when businessmen have the courage to cooperate with leaders of government who know the score. We have to work with those leaders of government and use the vast educational facilities of business to expose the crudities, cruelties and real character and nature of Communism and Socialism.

THERE is not a company in the United States that is not affected by these problems. Every businessman, whether he is in a small store, filling station or the president of a corporation, is paying taxes, paying tribute, really to international Communism and Marxism.

If I sound angry, it is because I *am* angry at what is happening to my country. I have faith in our nation and its people. That faith is unshaken even by the events of the past two decades.



The World's Most Powerful Machine

BY ENA K. ARKINSTALL

HOW MANY of us are aware that we carry with us in our everyday lives the most powerful machine known to man? It is the human brain, the most untapped of all resources in an age of discovery.

Students of the human brain have asserted that a mere fraction of this instrument is utilized throughout our lives; that there is practically no limit to the productivity of this fantastically unaccountable organ, which, left to its own devices, works while we play, records while we relax, and stores up data to an almost limitless degree. This we know to be true, and it can easily be proved.

How, then, are we to harness this power and put it to practical use? Our brains are working quietly and independently for the most part. How, then, are they to be made to yield up the store of facts which we know to be present? This is not as difficult a task as it would at first appear, for the brain is an accommodating organ. A quite gentle prodding almost certainly will produce a chain reaction equal to anything which science has to offer.

It is not until we begin, on very simple lines at first, this stealthy

infiltration into our own minds, that we can appreciate the number of facts and figures which the brain has stored up entirely of its own volition. Think of one fact and your brain is way ahead of you, thinking up a dozen; think of a dozen, and your brain has outstripped you by a couple of hundred.

The next time you have an hour to spare with nothing particular to do — such as on a long and boring train journey or waiting for a bus — try these simple experiments.

Begin by doing some orderly thinking for a change, about the simplest things — say, for instance, your last year's summer clothes. Frivolous perhaps, but nevertheless go through them systematically, one by one, consciously and clearly. See them in your mind's eye, and very shortly you will begin to see a great deal more. Your brain will remember what you think you have forgotten. You will recall the circumstances under which you bought them, had them made or altered. You will remember faces and places and people and conversations.

From there, you will go on to the year before, and so on. Eventually

you will arrive back at your childhood, but by that time you will have a whole block of your life laid out before you. On this miraculous mental journey, facts will emerge which will astonish you — facts which, at the time may have been puzzling, but, in retrospect, appear amazingly simple. And with each fact comes a new one associated with it, and gradually the whole thing fits together; a life-size jigsaw.

THIS deliberate prodding is one of the most delightful games imaginable, but what is more important, it can, in time, become sure-fire training. The more you indulge in it, the easier it becomes to wrest facts out of the depth of your mind, facts which you know are already stored there, but which it has been usual for you to dismiss with the stock phrase, "I can't remember." Maybe you can't, but your brain can if you give it a chance.

Scientists tell us that the brain works very largely upon the association of ideas. Give it the clue, it will provide the answer — perhaps not immediately, unless it is particularly well-trained, but eventually. That is why the conscious recalling of seemingly irrelevant and unimportant things (which would not at first sight appear to have any bearing upon current events) is such a valuable training. These simple experiments are the first faltering steps to the control of your mind.

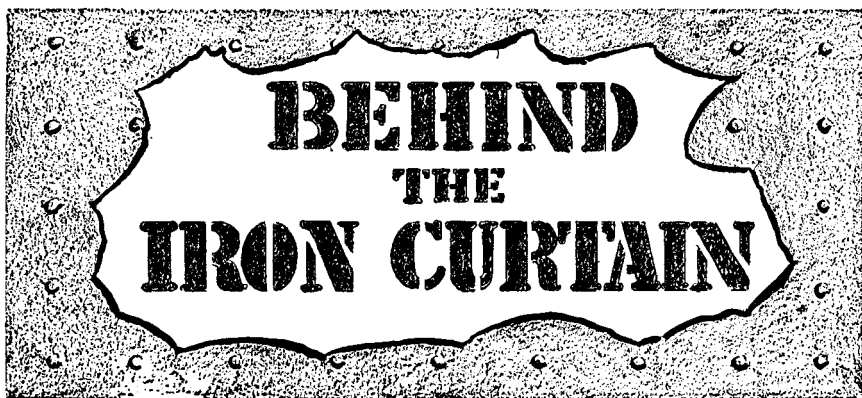
You will soon find that you are

able to travel through time at will, with even greater facility than you are able to travel through space in any man-made vehicle, and it is very true that these excursions can, in most cases, develop into something infinitely more valuable and more profitable than most journeys which you take through land, sea or air.

After a time, you will discover that your brain has quickly acquired the habit of doing what you require of it. It will pour out its knowledge efficiently and speedily, and the difference which this aptitude will make to your life and success is incalculable. Of course, you will never wholly catch up with it. While you are busy driving the facts to the surface, it is also still busy acquiring new data — recording and docketing and storing in a never-ending compendium. Its capacity is practically inexhaustible, and while you may not be an Einstein or a Freud, you can, with practice, collate and harness the powers which are in your possession. You can bring order from chaos. You can tidy up your mind and keep it under control by conscious, orderly thinking, graduating from simple, everyday recollections to those which are of sufficient importance to affect your life and work.

Your brain is something worthy of being treated with respect.

So when next you refer to someone, rather enviously, as "brainy," see what you can do with your own little gray cells. Who knows, you may surprise yourself!



MAY 23 1955 INDEXED
The Forgotten Ally ✓

By ALAN SET

IT HAS been said that the chief danger of high-level talks with Russia is that they may raise false hopes in the West and consequently further deteriorate an already alarmingly bad international situation. This reasoning is radically unsound, and only proves how confused we are when discussing the reasons for the present world tension.

Born out of false hopes and nurtured by vicious propaganda that a Genghis Khan can be talked into becoming a nice fellow, a Big Four conference will at best only teach us a lesson of reality, and this might even be all to the good. The danger, and a very grave one indeed, lies elsewhere. It lies in the possibility,

even probability, that any high-level meeting with the Russians will deprive the United States of their most powerful and trustworthy ally. This ally is neither H-bomb-scared Great Britain, nor irresolute France, but the latent, one-hundred-million-strong opposition within the Red Empire.

As is well known, no political party of any nature is tolerated behind the Iron Curtain if not a hundred percent subservient to the small group of Communist high priests in Moscow and Peiping. This certainly does not prove that there is no political opposition in Communist-ruled countries. The very fact that the Red regimes have to

maintain security and police forces about eight times as numerous as those in the Western states ruled by parliamentary forms of government is the best indication of how much the Red masters have to fear their own populations. It can be safely assumed that the chief reason Moscow did not dare attempt any major military adventure during the past ten years was precisely this uncertainty as to the reaction inside Russia and the satellite countries.

Any political opposition begins to be effective only when organized, and the first step to any organization is the establishment of some form of leadership, be it ever so loose. That is why, since the first days of the Soviet state, its masters have been unrelentlessly destroying any individual committing the supreme offense of building up a not strictly conformist grouping. Not only are such "enemies of the people" liquidated, but the same fate befalls all those suspected of plotting, and — to make things absolutely sure — all those who because of their rank or position are considered to be potentially dangerous.

It is more than probable that the rather stupid and unimaginative Beria was shot not for what he had done, but in order to prevent him once and for all of any possibility of using his position to pull off a coup. Similarly, at lower levels, all people who, without official blessing, become too popular, such as an army officer too friendly with the men he

commands, or a foreman who defends his crew from being over-exploited by the management of the factory, are removed from their posts and often sent to forced labor camps to be "cured."

THIS technique seemed eminently successful until something happened which left Russia's most clever policemen dumbstruck. In the late 1940's, they began finding out that the anti-Communist opposition in the satellite countries — and even in Russia itself — was being quietly mobilized under a powerful leader whom the M.V.D. could neither purge nor even reach. This new arch-criminal appeared to be the United States of America, whose very existence was being taken by the enslaved masses as a guaranty of liberation. Its growing might was giving sudden courage to those who otherwise had no choice but to obey resignedly.

One can shoot a Beria and send a suspected foreman to a death camp in Siberia, but it is not possible to deal in the same manner with a nation which is 160-million-strong and is separated by thousands of miles of blue sea. Seeing no other means of defense, Moscow began her savage "hate America" campaign, which still goes on though its results are highly unsatisfactory. True, results have been obtained in China, where the "imperialist American bandit" armed with a germ bomb and an arsenal of instruments

of torture appears, to the illiterate Chinese peasant, an even greater monster than the local Communist supervisor.

In the USSR, however, and particularly in the European satellite countries, the official anti-American propaganda backfired from its very start, strengthening rather than destroying hope that the day will come when, with American assistance, the Communist bosses will be brought to account. "If the government spends so much time in denouncing America," so the reasoning goes, "it proves that America must be most powerful. Everything is not yet lost."

THERE is plenty of evidence that a kind of dormant pro-American conspiracy exists today in the Soviet Union, uniting all those who have ample reason to hate the regime. No one, of course, will admit to even his closest friend that, while overtly a loyal, even a zealous, citizen of the Fatherland of the Revolution, he is hiding, deep down in his heart, a gleam of hope that America will somehow bring this Revolution to an end. Silent as he is, he knows that there are other people who think the same and there are many of them in his factory, in his city and all over the country.

Very few Americans have had an opportunity to visit Russia. There were only 27 in 1953, and no more than 51 in 1954. Almost all of them, however, were struck by the undisguised friendly curiosity toward

everything concerning America. "Why are you surrounding our country with your military bases?" the American tourist is sometimes asked by people he encounters in Russia. But often the question carries an undertone which seems to suggest that the inquirer is wondering why America has not yet used these bases to destroy Communism in Russia.

While all reports by Soviet escapees confirm the failure of the official "hate America" campaign, and in many instances speak of a rising pro-American feeling, similar reports from Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and other European satellites prove that probably nowhere today is the U.S.A. as popular as among those traditionally freedom-loving populations now enslaved by Soviet Communism. Having lived for too short a period in a police state to give up completely their traditional freedom of speech, many Poles, Czechs, Hungarians and Rumanians are finding a way of openly manifesting their pro-American sympathies by displaying what they think is American style in hair-do's, clothing and manners. Chewing gum was never popular in Poland, but a Warsaw newspaper recently denounced the habit of some young people who have taken to moving their jaws in imitation of the chewing of gum, so as to appear "more American."

Out of reach of the awfully efficient Communist police, America, involuntarily, has become the leader

of a latent, but potentially very powerful political movement of opposition behind the Iron Curtain. Moscow sees the danger, and therefore does everything in order to stamp out any feelings of pro-Americanism, branding them as treasonable to the country — to the Poles and Czechs, the United States is represented as the prime mover behind the Germans, who allegedly are being pushed against them; to the Russians, as a diabolical imperialistic power which aims at the annihilation of the Russian nation in order to take over the rich Russian lands; to everybody, as the sole enemy of mankind, as man-eaters, as the supreme cause of all human ills and miseries.

ALL THIS having proved to no avail, the high priests in Moscow have hit upon a device which may prove to be really effective. A most revealing conversation shedding light on this new approach was recently held in New York by a Communist Polish high official with an anti-Communist Polish friend of mine, an employee of Radio Free Europe, whom he had known before the war. Far from vilifying America, the Communist had nothing but praise for American achievements and the American way of life.

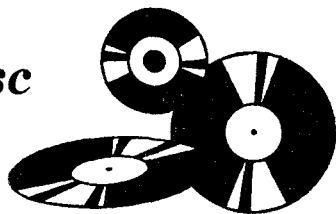
"But if you are naïve enough," he said, "to sincerely believe that the United States will help Poland or any other nation to shake off the Communist shackles, you are com-

mitting the gravest mistake in your life. Not only will America do nothing of that sort, but you will live to see that in a year or two there will be no better friends than the American Secretary of State and the Soviet Foreign Minister, and you with your Radio Free Europe will be in limbo. Think it over, remember Yalta, and then maybe you will understand that we have no other choice but to cling to Moscow."

The Communist's little game did not impress my Polish friend from Radio Free Europe. However, I wonder if this is not far more impressive when said to the Poles in Poland, the Czechs in Czechoslovakia and the Russians in the USSR. And I am certain that it is now being repeated by innumerable Communist agents, suddenly almost pro-American, but at the same time astonishingly realistic. "You count on America? Well, think twice, before you burn your fingers."

The source of the present world tensions lies not in the lack of Big Four conferences, but in the diametrically opposed aims of the free West and the Moscow-Peiping block. The Communist master-minds will certainly not change their aims over a round table, but a conference, if cleverly staged by the Communists, can easily result in the United States losing its most precious, though forgotten, ally: one hundred million anti-Communists behind the Iron Curtain, who place all their hopes in American leadership.

Sound on Disc



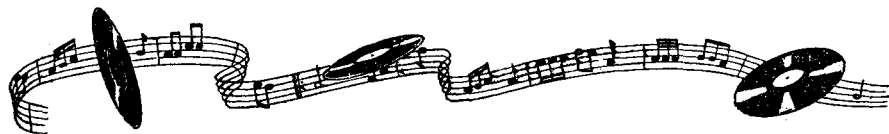
THE Left-wing monopoly of the theater — and by Left-wing I mean anything from Left-of-Center to outright Communist — has built up a patronage system which forces the artist to conform or starve. The blacklist of those who refuse to bend to its pressure is subtle and powerful. As a result, a substantial part of the theatrical talent is drawn Leftward — and a myth is created that the Right wing is sterile. In the field of music, there is an added incentive to “keep Left”: Olin Downes of the *New York Times* can almost dictate success or failure, and the musician who differs politically with Downes finds himself destroyed artistically.

I note this as a preface to my comments on the Alan Hovhaness suite from the incidental music for the play, *The Flowering Peach*. The author of the play is Clifford Odets, once the ranking playwright of the Communist movement and now an inhabitant of that never-never land of quasi-ex-Communists. It offends me that the Odetses can add luster to their wrinkled dramatic peaches by employing the very real talents of Hovhaness, a composer whose mu-

sic (as Virgil Thomson has written) “is predominantly religious, ceremonial, incantatory.” Perhaps Hovhaness agrees with Odets; I don’t know. But his score, which combines an Oriental and a modern modality, has a purity of line and a melancholy loveliness infinitely superior to any Odets contrivance.

The instrumentation — alto saxophone, clarinet, harp, celesta and percussion — lends itself to the unearthly and attenuated quality of the music. It is a beautiful score, and M-G-M is to be commended for lifting it from its theatrical context and giving it an excellent recording. (E 3164)

The eternal wonder of Mozart’s music is the new face it presents at each playing. I do not know how many times I have heard the *Serenade No. 11 in E-flat Major for Wind Instruments* (or its companion *No. 12 in C Major*). But each time it strikes me afresh by its limpid gracefulness and graciousness — and the inevitability of its line, which is para-



doxically also a surprise. Arthur Winograd, conducting a wind ensemble, gives the two serenades a clear, somewhat foursquare reading, the recording is fine, and they certainly belong on this month's recommended list. (M-G-M E 3159)

I have found much pleasure from the wit and the musicianship packed into the two sides of the Haydn Society's recording of Paisiello's one-act opera, *Il Duello*. The approach is Molieresque — *opera buffa* which combines both the lyricism and the hearty social satire of the period. Mozart learned from Paisiello, and so did Rossini. The performance — Ugo Rapalo conducting the Orchestra da Camera dell'Istituto Fonografico Italiano — is splendidly deft, the craftsmanship of the singers in the best Italian style. And, as usual, the Haydn Society has packaged it prettily, offered the text in an accompanying pamphlet and wrapped it all up in excellent recording. (HSL-130)

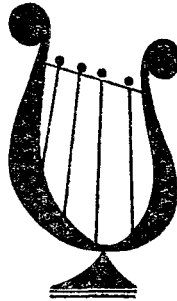
JAZZ AND SHOW: Marian McPartland, a pianist who has systematically won over the jazz critics, has been given the spaciousness of a 12-inch LP to elaborate on a dozen tunes. I confess that I had never heard the McPartland piano before — and I rather suspected that it would be more tinkle than tone. I was wrong. She is no Teddy Wilson,

no Willie "The Lion" Smith, no Joe Sullivan. But she plays with authority and with a wealth of ideas which nevertheless do not seduce her into florid displays. Her *Sky-lark*, *I've Told Every Little Star*, and *Jada* are truly delightful. (Capitol T 574)

I cannot be as enthusiastic about the Original Broadway Cast recording of *Plain and Fancy*, a new musical which seems to have enchanted the critics. As spectacle, comedy and staging, it may be superb on the stage. But strictly as a musical comedy score, the Horwitt-Hague opus lacks sparkle both in tune and lyric. No one expects Rodgers & Hart these days — and no one gets it. But *Plain and Fancy* tends to strain in its words, and not strain enough in its music. (Capitol S 603)

The movie revival of *Hut the Deck*, that Broadway classic of Vincent (Tea for Two) Youmans, brings forth such diversified talents as Tony Martin, Debbie Reynolds, Vic Damone, Jane Powell, Ann Miller and Kay Armen. *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *More Than You Know*, *Hallelujah*, and the other etceteras, still have all the impact that they had for us many years ago. The singers handle their assignments with verve and the sound track has been well transferred to vinylite. (M-G-M X 287)

R. DE T.



HAWAII

is not "foreign" country

HAWAII has become a victim of its own travel publicity and advertising promotion. Although that pinpoint group of volcanic peaks in the midst of the Pacific is less than nine hours by daily airliner, and four and a half days by ocean-going luxury liner from the West Coast, it is still considered more or less of a "foreign" country by many, if not most, mainlanders. The tourist bureaus and Hawaiian Chamber of Commerce seem to have done too good a job of selling the Islands as a strange, exotic tourist spot unlike any American community. It is questionable whether the tourist income is worth the wholesale misconceptions such advertising engenders.

Some strange impressions have been left, too, by writers of popular articles who have seen, at most, a fast moving montage of Hawaii of little consequence. They invariably leave the impression that island residents still run around in grass skirts, live in grass shacks, speak a foreign language and use mules or horses as popular means of transportation. If not, where do people who have

never visited Hawaii get those ideas? People from Hawaii are asked the darnedest questions, including (so help me!) about driving conditions to the Islands and the best route to take!

by

EDITH F.
ELLIOT

What Hawaii needs is to establish more "reader identification," as the literary circles put it, with the rest of America. A lot more good reporting of everyday news of Hawaii

in our mainland papers would help considerably. There is better sports coverage of the Islands in mainland papers than there is of more vital matters of economics and politics. It is important that a territory, under serious consideration for statehood for some 50 years, should be known and understood for its characteristic American features rather than its spectacular exceptions.

Honolulu, transported en masse to California, could easily be mistaken for Hollywood, so modern are its buildings, its tourist trade techniques, so typical its brown hills, palm trees and civic congestion. It is a warm-climate, American city with the majority of its citizens making their living in much the same way

Americans make their living in any big city. Businessmen wear business suits; housewives wear casual play clothes or housedresses; children go to school, come home, and play like kids anywhere, in whatever clothes they can lay hands on with the least effort.

Honolulu is on Oahu, one of the smaller of the eight populated islands. Two hundred miles south, as the modern airliners fly, is the big island of Hawaii with a city of some 25,000 population. Hilo is modern in every way, too. It has broad, paved roads, modern homes, schools, churches, public buildings, and utility companies that supply telephone, gas and electric service. It has a fine police force and fire department and the usual conscientious, wrangling city and county government officials with a board of supervisors and a county chairman to direct things.

POLITICS in Hawaii, on a local and territorial level, is a lively pastime for candidates, officials and voters. Turnout at the polls at voting time is much higher than most mainland communities can boast. Following a recent election, the editor of one paper belabored his readers for their "poor showing" at the polls when 80 percent of the registered voters cast their ballots!

Schools and school problems are similar to those on the mainland in many respects. Overcrowding of classrooms and under-staffing of

teachers are headaches there, too, due to their wartime baby crop.

The territory has a very fine public health department, noted for its highly trained personnel, its up-to-date programs of communicable disease control, public health education and its high standards of public health and sanitation. The low rate of infant and maternal mortality in the Territory might well be the envy of many states.

Culturally, the Islands, except for Honolulu, are somewhat handicapped by isolation. Due to the small concentration of population, it is difficult for the outside communities to sponsor the more renowned concert artists who visit Hawaii. However, there is no lack of interest when they do manage to sponsor such talent. Between times, they have local talent for excellent choral groups, and amateur theatricals and art. Libraries are available to the most remote residents through book-wagons and Honolulu and Hilo have fine, large, well-stocked libraries. Honolulu also has a full symphony orchestra which conducts a regular season; a modern art academy; and a community theater group that regularly produces Broadway hits.

Twelve radio stations throughout the Islands and two TV stations in Honolulu bring in all the big-name mainland programs as well as providing good local talent. Their disc jockeys have a reputation for being six months ahead of their mainland brothers in spotting "hit parade"

selections. Movie theaters are modern and comfortable.

Every town of any size has its daily newspaper and a choice of two large Honolulu dailies. It is safe to say that the people of Hawaii are far better informed on mainland news and world events than are most people in many comparable communities on the mainland. This is partly because they are interested, and partly because the pace of living is slower and they have more time and fewer distractions from reading.

HAWAII has its share of labor troubles and Communist infiltration — more than some, less than other, communities stateside. To the very real distress of the people there, Communist-directed labor unions cause periodic havoc with the economy of the Territory and keep it constantly on an uneasy seat before “bargaining” tables. The fact that the Islands are geographically isolated and limited in production area makes them an easy prey to shipping strikes and labor agitators. But to suggest that such troubles are an undesirable statehood feature is unsound. As one Congressman on an investigating committee suggested, some of the states would do better to return to territorial status, if judged on the basis of such problems.

About 80 percent of the population is American of Japanese ancestry, which, with the other Americans of Korean, Chinese and Filipino

ancestry, makes a predominantly Oriental-looking population. Hawaiians and Caucasians appear to be very much in the minority. But it would be hard to find a better living, working exhibition of American democracy anywhere than is found in the easy-going relationship among the seven racial groups of Hawaii.

If the people of Hawaii can be said to err, it is on the side of tolerance and good will. They are perhaps too easy-going for their own good and that accounts somewhat for the advantages taken by opportunists who keep Hawaii agitated with labor troubles. A broad-beamed, local passenger-car-bus driven by a Filipino backs up unexpectedly and knocks down a plump Hawaiian woman who has just stepped off of the curb. She picks herself up, brushing off the dirt and, with a warm smile, reassures the apologetic, anxious driver. “That’s all right. No pilikea (no trouble)!” she beams. Everybody’s happy to keep the peace.

In spite of the military’s fondness for referring to Hawaii as a “military outpost,” it is far more than that. It is too populous, productive and generally too valuable to be written off as a military base any more than the West Coast can be referred to as a “military outpost.” Hawaii is a typical American community in all the important respects. It is time it was better understood and appreciated by its fellow Americans on the mainland.



Doings of a Democracy



BY HAROLD HELFER

✓ Mayor R. L. Thornton made this wistful comment at the dedication of the new 598-foot Republic Bank Building in Dallas: "This building is somewhat taller than I would have wished for." Mayor Thornton is president of the Mercantile National Bank, whose 551-foot building had been Dallas' tallest.

✓ A good many citizens of Cedar City, Utah, have been complaining about the town's new curfew law, which has the fire siren going off at 11 P.M. as a warning to children that they must be off the streets. It seems this noise wakes the adults up.

✓ A proposal to paint the slogan, "Don't Be A Pig," on Chicago's trash trucks was turned down by Commissioner Lloyd Johnson in favor of "Don't Be A Litter Bug." "We can't be inferring that any of our good citizens are pigs," he explained.

✓ Robert C. Jakems of Grand Rapids, Michigan, listed two expense items in his unsuccessful bid to be elected state representative. He listed 59 cents for aspirin during the midst of the election campaign and another 59 cents for the same thing on the day after election.

✓ Final ballot tabulation at Grand Junction, Colorado, showed that dimpled pianist, Liberace, received six write-in votes for sheriff.

✓ The editors of the Folsom Prison newspaper conducted a survey on how to make the penitentiary a better place to live. One inmate suggested a weekend pass to a destination of the prisoner's choice. If an inmate failed to return, he'd get a black mark against him.

✓ The city council of La Crosse, Wisconsin, adopted a resolution censuring the police forces for racing squad cars on hotrod tracks.

✓ Monroe, Louisiana, city authorities decided to renovate the town jail after a 90-pound lady prisoner ripped the bars out of the window and escaped.

A Time for HONESTY

BY LEIF ERICKSON

I'M AN ACTOR. I've been one since I quit school in 1930 to make a living. I've appeared in several hundred movies, stage shows, radio and TV productions. I've never made a fortune in my career and there are plenty of better actors, but on the whole, show business has been good to me.

For a period of years I also disgraced my profession and did a certain amount of damage to this country by giving the Communist front organizations aid and comfort. I won't use the alibi that "so did hundreds of other people in show business." I'm concerned with what Erickson did.

I've read testimony and statements given by my fellow actors who whimper that they "didn't know the gun was loaded"; however, when I gave money and the use of my name to the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, I blinked at the fact that the boys who approached me backstage in "Golden Boy," in 1937, were doing a job for the Communists. When I went to a "Rally for China" in the same year, I had a hunch that the comrades were pulling the strings. I gave my name to a couple of other fronts and no one had to twist my arm.

I also swallowed, hook, line and

sinker, the old saw about the Communists being "just another political party." Some people in show business now beg the question by saying "how were we to know that the Reds were behind the whole thing?" Come off it, brother, you and I knew they were. I never joined the Communist Party and was never asked to join, but that doesn't excuse my participation in the front outfits.

And please don't give me this business about actors being unaware of politics and that we were taken in because of our stupidity. It wasn't just stupidity, it was plain apathy and if those of us in show business knew enough about politics to sign petitions and contribute to the Red dragnets, we haven't any alibi. We were real bucketheads and we've got to make up for a lot of lost time.

Even if we didn't know enough about the Communist conspiracy in those days to get out from behind the front organizations, then we certainly should have brains enough now to make amends by taking an active part in the present-day endeavors dedicated to exposing and destroying the Fifth Column in our professions. We can't crawl out of our past mistakes (1) by retreating

behind a curtain of silence, (2) by seeking personal dispensations from anti-Reds or (3) by hollering foul.

That is, if we're really convinced Communism is wrong for us. Some of the actors I know who were equally guilty of giving a helping hand to the comrades aren't to this day convinced the Reds are subversive. They don't sign petitions any more and they don't kick in dough to Moscow, but in their hearts they still bleed for the conspiracy. Some of them may issue statements and stick out their tongues at the Communists because they've been hurt economically, but there isn't an ounce of sincerity in the whole gang.

I'M NO mental giant, but I know the only way I can clear that past record of mine is to get out and prove I'm anti-Communist. Sulking, denying or dodging the question isn't the solution. There's only one test that the public can apply to a guy like myself — what's he doing *against* Communism?

It is a good question. If you really want to, it isn't hard for an actor to find ways to fight Communism. There's the Motion Picture Alliance in Hollywood, a really tough bunch of Red-beaters who've been smeared and condemned by the comrades and the pinkos and punkos for years but who have gone on punching the dickens out of the conspiracy. I joined. So can you.

And there are fine, decent people in your union, whether its AFTRA

or Equity, battling it out with the Communists and their dupes in union meetings all over the country. They need your help. Convince them you are sincere and you've found another effective way to make up for your past actions. If you were in service, the American Legion or other veterans' organizations supply still another effective method of battling it out with the comrades.

Now that TV is dominating the entertainment scene, the actor becomes a guest in the American home, becomes almost a personal friend of the viewer. But if he gave aid and comfort to the Communists at any time in the past and still refuses to fight the Reds, he has no place on the TV screen, in the movies or on the stage. Let's forget the Communist-inspired squeals about "blacklisting." No loyal producer or director has any business hiring an actor who for ten years fronted for subversion and still refuses to tell the truth or to fight the Reds. If this type of actor doesn't know the score by now, let him starve to death and please omit the flowers.

Sure, I know some of the people in show business who were in this thing with me back in the old days are going to accuse me of flag-waving. No actor (and we aren't superior to the average citizen) can live under two flags. I didn't hear them objecting back in 1937 when the money I gave helped the comrades wave a flag with a hammer and sickle on it.

Evangeline's Bicentenary

BY BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS

EVANGELINE, immortalized by Longfellow's poem, is perhaps the theme song of the bicentenary celebration of the Expulsion of the Acadians, with Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, the dramatic, historic setting. Following the year-long preparation, in reality a minor celebration, thousands of Acadian descendants from Canada and the United States will gather for the great festival of remembrance, August 15-22, 1955. The story of Evangeline will be told and retold by pilgrims journeying long distances to the bicentenary, with perhaps no pilgrimage more interesting than the one from St. Martinville, Louisiana.

There is a curious similarity between the two communities—Grand Pré, where Evangeline and her lover, Gabriel, were born and betrothed and St. Martinville, where they died and lie buried. Both communities have erected a monument to Evangeline and commemorate the Expulsion of the Acadians. There is a strong tie of friendship and heritage between the villages and Louisiana Acadians frequently visit Grand Pré, the home of their fathers.

As pilgrims, Louisianians will carry with them stories and traditions

handed down from generation to generation of the Bayou Teche country. They will contribute folk songs to the collection of French Canadian songs familiar in the days when Evangeline was beloved by Grand Pré, songs such as the "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie"—the sunshine which the farmers believed would load their orchards with apples.

Together with pilgrims from Canada, the New England states and the Southern states, Acadians from St. Martinville will participate in thanksgiving, folk dances and pageants arranged by the National Assumption Society, Moncton, New Brunswick.

They will attend High Pontifical Mass celebrated by notable dignitaries in the Roman Catholic Church. They will find a thrill in the outdoor play depicting the tragedy of Grand Pré and the opera, "Evangeline," first produced in 1948 by its composer, Professor Graham George, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

For all pilgrims to the bicentenary celebration at Grand Pré there will be keen interest in the relics displayed in the Acadian Museum of St. Charles Chapel, in Memorial Park. Perhaps none will have greater

appeal than a replica of a ship's bell marked "Evangeline."

Once upon a time this bell, now reproduced in miniature as a souvenir, clanged across the decks of one of the transports conveying 7,000 Acadians from Nova Scotia to Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and other Southern states in the Expulsion of 1755. The original bell, an important item in the famous Miller collection at Mission Inn, Riverside, California, is said to have belonged to the ship that carried Evangeline south. Wishful thinking, maybe!

The ship returning to Halifax was wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia. A few years ago the wreck was salvaged and the bell — corroded from lying nearly 200 years at the bottom of Davy Jones' Locker — was secured by a friend of Frank Miller, the bell collector, and sent to the Mission Inn.

St. Martinville also pays tribute to Evangeline in its Acadian House Museum, an interesting feature of the Longfellow-Evangeline State Park. Said to have been the original home of Gabriel, Evangeline's lover, the museum's exhibits tell the story of Evangeline and Gabriel and the hardships of early Acadian settlers of the Bayou Teche. Typical of early Acadian homes is the Acadian Craft Shop, its shelves laden with handicraft. Those in charge of the craft shop proudly display a tiny crystal jar of brown earth brought from Grand Pré — a link with the original home of Evangeline.

Longfellow's poem is read often today in St. Martinville. As a bicentenary feature, the committee in charge of the celebration at Grand Pré is planning to reprint the translation of Longfellow's *Evangeline* by Pascal Pamphile Lemay. The poem portrays vividly the original home of Evangeline and her betrothal to Gabriel, son of Basil Lajeunesse, the village blacksmith; the burning of Grand Pré; the boarding of different ships; and the wanderings of Evangeline seeking her lover. The poem ends on a note of tragedy with Evangeline, now a nun, finding Gabriel in an almshouse, dying.

LONGFELLOW's fanciful ending to the story of Evangeline and Gabriel is regarded as folklore by the Acadians of Bayou Teche. The true story, they assure tourists, relates the arrival of Evangeline in St. Martinville only to find Gabriel married to another. Her name wasn't Evangeline, but strangely enough she is referred to throughout Louisiana as Evangeline and along the highway leading to St. Martinville, the motorist notes the billboards extolling the Evangeline Maid Bread, the café, theater and garage flaunting their signs, reading "Evangeline."

The real name of the heroine of Longfellow's poem was Emmeline Labiche and her lover was Louis Arceneaux, according to St. Martinville historians.

With Evangeline arrived the little trunk, and packed inside, the wedding

dress she was never to wear. Grieving, melancholy, Evangeline shared the home of a widow in the parish of St. Martinville, where she died a few years after she found Gabriel. She lies buried close by St. Martin's Church, built in 1765. Her grave is marked by an imposing monument donated by Dolores del Rio and her cast who played in the motion picture, "Evangeline." The memorial is inscribed to "the citizens of St. Martinville, whose ancestors either accompanied Evangeline on her long search for her lost lover or who befriended her arrival here at the end of her journey."

A little distance from St. Martin's Church, the Evangeline Oak spreads its sweeping branches. It was under this tree, so the story goes, that Gabriel told Evangeline that he was married to another woman. The oak is listed in the Hall of Famous Trees by the American Forestry Association.

Various stories are told of the origin of the tale which provided Longfellow with inspiration for his poem,

Evangeline. There is the story one hears in Martinville of the law student from the Bayou Teche village relating the tragic incident of Evangeline and Gabriel (Emmeline and Louis to him) to Nathaniel Hawthorne whom he met at Harvard University. However, it was Longfellow and not Hawthorne who found inspiration in the law student's recital of Emmeline and Louis' sad story.

Commemorating the 200th anniversary of the Expulsion of the Acadians, pilgrims from Louisiana will mingle with Nova Scotian, New Brunswick and New England Acadian descendants gathering in Grand Pré. They will walk in the shade of the far-famed old willows, where perhaps Evangeline and Gabriel pledged their love. They will visit the old burying ground of the Acadians marked by a stone cross, and Evangeline's Well, a must in the Memorial Park. Stories will be exchanged and Evangeline will be honored by people of two nations, proud of their Acadian heritage.



DAMON RUNYON

and Friend

BY HOWARD RUSHMORE

IT STARTED with a scribbled note, written by a man who sat in Lindy's restaurant in the heart of Broadway looking mutely on the world he loved because he no longer had a voice. There was only a pad and pencil on the table in front of him to let his friends know what went on in his mind. That night Damon Runyon wrote, "You can keep the things of bronze and stone; give me one man to remember me once a year." And he handed the note to Walter Winchell.

Those 19 words marked the beginning of the most unique and, in many ways, the most effective organization ever set up in the United States to fight a subversive enemy. The enemy — cancer.

Damon Runyon died of cancer of

the throat December 10, 1946. The great short story writer, often called the American Dickens, had fought to the last, but the odds were hopeless and the best doctors in the nation were unable to help him. Five days after his death, Winchell took to the air on his Sunday broadcast and appealed for funds to fight cancer. Nickels, dimes, quarters, anything.

Out of that broadcast and as a result of the unceasing efforts of Winchell, the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research now has raised more than \$10,000,000 in the nine years the campaign has been in existence.

Contributions for the support of the Runyon Fund have ranged from dimes sent in by school children to

anonymous gifts of \$100,000. A soldier in the Canal Zone mailed his \$1,500 back pay in ten money orders of \$150 each. A four-star general sent his contributions. Kids have sold their comic books and held puppet shows to help in the fight.

The sixth-grade class of Madison public school in Sandusky, Ohio, sent in its modest check, saying the money had been raised to buy flowers for the funeral of a classmate's father who was a cancer victim. The youngsters instead decided to apply the money where it would do the most good. Ike Rudman of Tyler, Texas, left \$75,000 in his will to the Fund and his widow wrote Winchell: "Mr. Rudman's admiration for you was unbounded and I believe you were instrumental in arousing his intense interest in this wonderful cause." More than 250 other Americans (many of them cancer victims themselves) have bequeathed a total of \$1,400,000 in their wills.

WHY this interest? Why this almost universal response? Due partly, of course, to the haunting fear that cancer arouses in Americans of all walks of life. But the main appeal of the Runyon Fund aside from the basic urgency of the need to defeat cancer, is the fact that every penny given to the campaign goes directly into research.

Despite all good intentions, administrative costs of any reputable scientific or medical charity eat a

big hole in the contributor's dollar, sometimes as much as 50 percent or more. Not the Runyon Fund. Whether it is a dime or a thousand-dollar contribution, the entire amount goes directly to research. Allocations have been made in 520 grants and 302 fellowships in 186 institutions in 48 states, the District of Columbia, and 15 foreign countries. The University of Notre Dame and the medical laboratory in Israel are among the schools that have received Fund allocations.

The administrative costs are paid for by the Walter Winchell Foundation, a separate organization to which the noted columnist and TV-radio commentator has given more than a quarter million. Friends of Runyon in show business, newspapermen, industrialists, have supplied the balance. Winchell has also given \$100,000 to the Fund itself.

Working on the theory that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, the Fund devotes its entire resources to world-wide research. "The Fund's resources are too limited to undertake the care or financial assistance of cancer victims, much as we would like to do so," explains John Teeter, the able and affable executive director of the organization. "More than 200,000 cancer victims die each year and some 600,000 additional suffer from cancer. The financial burden of those who die exceeds \$300 million a year — a sum far beyond [our] resources."

With every cent of every contribution enlisted as a soldier in the bitter to-the-death effort to find the cause and cure of cancer, the Runyon Fund takes particular pride in its fellowship grants to leading medical schools.

These grants are intended primarily to help newly trained scientific schools to establish themselves in cancer research, bridging the gap between the completion of fellowship training and the application of knowledge that has been acquired. Highly competent scientists are frequently lost in the cancer battle because research institutions lack funds to include on their staffs investigators who have not yet established their reputations. By training these young scientists, the Fund is helping build a strong human force to attack cancer more effectively. An army of well-trained men and women now combat the disease in all parts of the world, advancing research, training others, setting up beachheads against the common enemy.

WINCHELL has been tireless in his efforts to keep the contributions coming in. And the leaders of the Fund include the biggest names in show business, in the arts, and in industry. President of the Fund is Runyon's long-time friend, Dan Parker, the noted sports writer. Bob Hope is Parker's assistant; Leo Lindy, owner of Damon's favorite

Broadway restaurant, is vice-president; Winchell is treasurer; and Arthur Godfrey, secretary. Members include Morton Downey, Marlene Dietrich, Milton Berle, Sugar Ray Robinson, Joe DiMaggio, John Daly, and Robert K. Christenberry.

Winchell's many friends respond to any call to pitch in and help the cause. Hollywood stars and sports figures join to raise \$50,000 every year at a golf tournament at the Desert Inn Hotel in Las Vegas. Broadway producers make available choice seats for Broadway hits at box-office prices and seats are then allocated on a "best contribution" basis. More than \$700,000 has been raised by this method. Singers such as Dinah Shore offer to turn over their entire salaries for an engagement to the Fund. Sonja Henie presented the entire proceeds of an evening performance to the cause of cancer research. Milton Berle's telethon for the Runyon Fund made TV history. Sugar Ray Robinson donated a fight purse.

And it all started with a broadcast a few days after a man with a bandaged throat wrote on a piece of paper, "Give me one man to remember me once a year." Damon Runyon, thanks to his friend, Walter Winchell, is not forgotten. His name lives on in hundreds of laboratories where, due to the Damon Runyon Fund, the fight against the enemy that stalks one out of eight Americans goes on 24 hours a day.



Stop the **BALLYHOO** *About Germany*

BY FELIX WITTMER

ON MARCH 9, 1933, the day before I escaped from Nazi Germany, I talked to Dr. H. H., an old school-mate and friend. A German nationalist and uncompromising advocate of free enterprise, inventor of a widely used automobile varnish and founder of a successful factory, Hans had little sympathy for the Nazis. To his mind, they were exactly what their name indicated — National Socialists, with emphasis on the noun and not the qualifying attribute; they were socialists.

"Hitler means war," I said to Hans. "He won't win the war. He will have America against him. He can't beat America."

"It is difficult to predict the future," Hans replied, "but you may be right. If Germany loses that war, we are finished, at least for a long time to come." (Sounds illogical, but that's the way he expressed it.) "The

war will be total, and so will the outcome, be it victory or defeat."

During the following dozen years, I received exactly one letter from Hans. Having learned that a Nazi agent in Paris was trying to lure me back to Germany, he warned me in carefully couched terms that I would be put in a concentration camp.

Soon after that, the Nazi machine rolled over our family. My younger sister followed her Jewish husband into exile. My older sister, outspoken foe of Nazism, was thrown into jail. Mother, whose hair turned white in six weeks during which a *gauleiter* questioned her every day, had to pay a heavy ransom to get my older sister out of jail. Not more than a handful of persons still dared to greet mother and sister. Ever decent, Hans was one of them.

Toward the end of the war, Hans, though he had lost an eye in World War I, was called back to the service. I believe he was a captain or a major. A foe of Nazism, he did his duty for his country. Nothing more. Then the American victors imprisoned him. He lost 40 pounds in that experience. His furniture and other property were confiscated. None of this was returned to him. At first, he wrote bitter letters. Gradually, he recognized justice in what was happening to Germany. He well recalled our talk of March 9, 1933. He had been right. Germany was finished—at least for a long time to come.

TODAY, whenever I read about Germany in our papers, I see stories about her “miraculous recovery.” The conversion of the old mark and the subsequent free enterprise policy of Dr. Ludwig Ehrhard are said to have accomplished the impossible. Alas, the superficial descriptions of Western Germany are plain bluff. What good this illusion and deception can do the United States, I do not know.

Germany is cut into halves. She is now hardly a nation. Old German land in the East, inhabited by Germans for over a thousand years, is now occupied by Soviet Slavs. Almost 12 million uprooted Germans have been driven, or have fled, to Western Germany. There are few among these who have not lost some of their closest relatives during the flight.

These 12 million Germans can hardly make a living in the Bonn Republic; there just is not enough land available. It had been Eastern Germany which supplied the rest of the country with food. At that, industrialized Germany, even before the outbreak of World Wars I and II, had depended on imports of food.

We fool ourselves by publishing all sorts of glamorous statistics about the allegedly stupendous reconstruction of German industry. Thus, for instance, we are told that Western Germany already ranks fourth among the ship-building nations of the world; but 60 percent of the ships which the Germans are now building have been ordered by other nations. The money which the Germans receive for these ships is needed to keep hungry people from dying.

Some Americans — to mention another illustrative example — marvel at the Olympia typewriters which at present are successfully competing with ours here in the United States, but the money which the Germans obtain for these neat and solid little machines is badly needed to feed the uprooted citizens of East Prussia, Pomerania, Posen, Silesia and Bohemia.

Germany's patents — in the optical and dyestuff industries, and those for cameras, precision instruments, etc. — were requisitioned at the end of World War II. Germany has not made up this loss. She is handicapped in a thousand ways. She is not even allowed to construct any planes. Her

best aviation engineers have been transferred to the United States, and to other countries. Thus the story about Germany's independence is pure fiction.

FEW OF US seem to realize what is going on in the German mind. For instance, few here trouble themselves to figure out what the Saar deal means to the Germans. The Saar territory is an absolutely German land. In 1935, almost the whole Saar population, in internationally controlled elections, voted for return to Germany (only the Communists voted against it) even though the majority of the voters were opposed to the Nazis. Germany was more important to the Saarlanders than Nazidom.

If today the Saarlanders and the Western Germans reluctantly agree to some arrangement which is less than total re-incorporation in the fatherland, it is only because they have no other choice. They know that Germany as a nation hardly exists. They just want to hang on to life, in a makeshift way. Many of them are fair enough to say, "We got what was coming to us. This is the just reward for having been a Nazi nation." But they are not foolish enough to put any stock in the concoction of the "German recovery" which our correspondents and commentators — often obedient to the hints of their bread-givers — are now dishing up for ever-credulous Americans.

The German papers are playing down their resentment, for diplomacy's sake. Cynical even before the Hitler era, they make the best of what to them is ostensibly an ugly world, but they know that, at least for a long time to come, Germany will be without power.

Of course, the citizens of the Bonn Republic have no use for Communism. They know better than we do how horrible the Soviet way of existence really is. They would be splendid anti-Communist fighters if they felt that they were free, that they were not considered second-rate citizens. But all this talk about the German resurgence to them is ballyhoo.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, most Germans do not think that they are better than we are. They are convinced that, by all odds, we have been fairer with them than Hitler, if victorious, would have been with us. They like our good-natured and friendly way. While they do not understand our politics, they like our give-and-take, our freedom from stuffiness. But they know that they are not regarded as equals.

Millions of Germans suspect an ulterior motive for our present friendliness. While they realize that they have in common with us the necessity of protection from Soviet usurpation, they often exclaim that they are merely good enough to be "Kanonenfutter" for us. Even many German patriots, including famous

war heroes, publicly oppose participation in rearmament. Germans gladly give their lives to the fatherland when they feel that their country is free. That feeling does not prevail. The constant wrangling over restrictions with unstable, socialist-ridden and suspicious France has worn them down. In fact, Germany is kept in such a militarily debilitated and fettered condition that American troops must be stationed there, to defend her. To most Germans this situation seems degrading.

THE GERMANS don't talk about it publicly, but among themselves they snicker about our habitual conference talk concerning national equality. More than ten years after termination of the hostilities, in the face of the Soviet menace, we have not even started to restore to German citizens the property which we took from them at the beginning of the war.

I am not referring here to any property which belonged to the Nazi government; I am referring to the paltry sum of about half a billion dollars — representing stocks and bonds, copyrights, insurance policies, bits of real estate, etc. — of which we deprived some 34,000 citizens, and which, in violation of international law, we have kept. The so-called Paris Agreement of 1946 — reached in a spirit of vindictive-

ness — by which we "accepted" this private property as part of reparations, will never be recognized as legitimate as long as Christian civilization continues; for it fails to conform to the Lord's Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." It flouts our age-old respect for personal property.

Certainly, after the nightmare of Hitler's madness the Germans don't deserve the proverbial bed of roses. That is well understood, by them as well as by us. Not to die of starvation nowadays is pretty good in many parts of the world. Compared with those behind the Iron Curtain, the citizens of the Bonn Republic even lead a glorious life.

But let us stop this ballyhoo about the resurgent power of Germany or even about German independence. This trend of brain massaging is unworthy of us lest we are willing to be the laughing-stock of more realistic people. Germany is a thoroughly beaten nation.

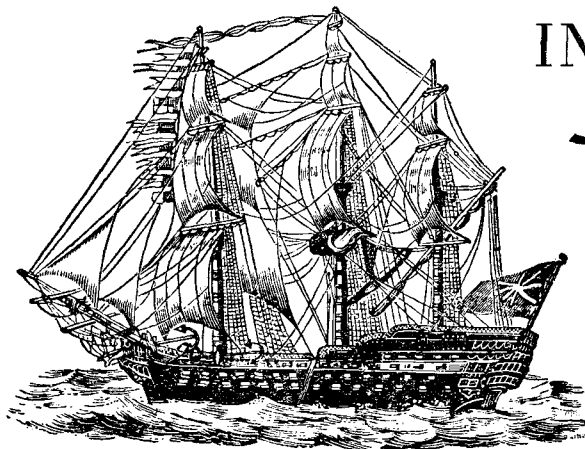
Consequently, it is at this time foolish to rely on Western Germany as an important military ally. If, in a possible war with the Communist empire, the Germans do well, it still will be in a subordinate fashion. American technical superiority and dissatisfaction behind the Iron Curtain are better factors on which to count than the dispiritedness and cynicism of a torn-up, chained, and humiliated nation.

ADVENTURES

IN
Art

by

ALBERT
A. BRANDT



A FEW months back, in a grocery store in New York City's fabulous Greenwich Village, a very strange story unfolded. It had begun two years ago when a heavy-set grocery man by the name of X (that's what he wished to be called) did a favor for a customer. The lady had a painting which had been in the family for years, a serene landscape of a mill and waterfall with a man in the foreground, backed by trees and a mountain. But now the lady was moving to a new house where the painting, done in earthy greens and browns, wouldn't fit the color scheme. Would X like to buy it?

Busy X, who had never owned a painting in his life, thought it good business to keep his customers happy.

He obliged the lady by shelling out \$25 for the canvas. After she'd left, he tucked it under the counter where he kept his paper bags and promptly forgot about it.

A few months ago, Mrs. Henriette Stoner, owner of an arts and crafts gallery, was shopping for dinner. Seeing her, X remembered his long-neglected picture. He asked Mrs. Stoner to take a look at it and tell him if it was "worth framing."

"I expected the worst," Mrs. Stoner said later. "How good a picture would a grocery man have beneath his counter? But when he disentangled the canvas from all that debris, I almost fainted. I knew immediately it was something terribly important — most likely a painting by Gustave Courbet, a French artist

of the nineteenth century. An original painting of his would be very valuable!"

Mrs. Stoner was right. Art authorities stamped the canvas as a genuine Courbet. X was stunned: the only painting he had ever owned was worth upwards of \$30,000!

ART DEALERS like Mrs. Stoner, along with museums and private collectors, are always on the lookout for these priceless finds. While lots of people profess to know about art, many of these unknown masterpieces have been hanging in plain sight and nobody's recognized them. It takes an art authority to know a great painting, a man like the Chicago art collector who uncovered a genuine Leonardo da Vinci last summer.

For \$450, Dr. Hanns R. Teichert got from a New York antique dealer a Madonna and Child thought to be the work of Andrea Solario, a pupil of Leonardo. No novice at the game, Dr. Teichert bought the painting because a similar picture he'd purchased nine years before in a Chicago shop for \$3,750 was later valued at \$250,000.

Parts of the picture had been painted over by an amateur, and Dr. Teichert had the new paint removed by a restorer. The results were electrifying. The well-modelled hands, the radiant, spiritual expression on the faces, the curving, secretive smile of the Madonna — these were the signatures of the master,

da Vinci himself. Authorities agreed that Dr. Teichert had made one of the greatest art finds of the century, worth a cool million dollars.

Many people had seen the painting, but no one had had an inkling of its true value. The work was restored and exhibited in London in 1882 and again in 1894. In 1916, it was purchased for \$1,950 and brought to the United States. Eventually it turned up in a Boston antique shop where it was bought by the New York antique dealer who later sold it to Dr. Teichert.

Mystery, romance, adventure — even humor — surround the discoveries of these priceless masterworks which have passed through hundreds of hands and could have been, at one time or another, in almost anybody's shop or home. Sometimes, as with the Courbet, the painting was entirely unknown before it was found. Even more exciting is the situation when the painting was thought to exist but hasn't as yet turned up anywhere. This was the case with the da Vinci "Madonna and Child." Two copies existed and experts had been seeking the original for years.

It was also true of the famous "Musicians" by Caravaggio.

This painting was mentioned frequently in the chronicles of the seventeenth century when the famous Italian painter lived, but had not been seen since. Authorities watched for it for decades but as time passed and the painting refused to make its

appearance, they gradually gave up hope.

But one day in 1946, Dr. W. G. Thwaytes, an English Naval surgeon, was browsing in a shop in Kendal, England. On the wall he saw a musty old painting which attracted him enough to pay \$400 for it. He looked at it again at home, decided he'd been gypped, and was about to return it to the store when a friend persuaded him to give the painting to a noted restorer of medieval art — again, electrifying results. The long-sought Caravaggio was brought to light.

The price that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York paid the fortunate surgeon for the "Musicians" has not been revealed, but it is safe to assume that he made a few thousand percent on the original investment, even after taxes.

JUST how this famous painting managed to be in England after 350 years of obscurity is an utter mystery. But despite the mysteries, the improbable finds go on.

In April, 1947, workmen insulating the top floor of a New Jersey brewery stumbled on a blind niche in the wall. In it, they found a little, dust-covered painting which was authenticated as the work of the famous sixteenth century family of Dutch artists, the Ryckarts.

Another of our English cousins, highway worker Alfred Stannard of Birmingham, was an amateur collector of odds and ends and liked

to spend his days off rummaging through junk shops. He had found a few bargains but nothing spectacular. Not long ago, however, he noticed a picture with a curiously carved frame, and bought it for a few pennies. Beneath the dirty surface of the canvas, Stannard found a portrait of Henry VIII by the sixteenth century German master, Hans Holbein, a painting that had been lost for over 200 years!

The examples go on by the hundreds. A Navy veteran, sensing good painting, examined a battered canvas under a strong light and discovered the signature, "Winslow Homer, 1878." A Cardinal recognized part of an original Leonardo pasted on a box, and did not rest until he had found the rest of the masterpiece — over a work bench in a cobbler's shop. A panel painting by Greuse, a fine French artist, is purchased for a dime and sold for \$2,500. An authentic Van Dyck is found in a furniture store stuffed in a chair. A Murillo is seen tacked over a counter. A hair-tonic manufacturer finds a missing Gainsborough lying on the shelf in a general store.

Though art experts wince at the number of worthless paintings brought to them by hopeful owners, the search goes on for undiscovered paintings. Sharp-eyed people go on picking them out and enriching not only themselves but art-lovers everywhere. You may not find a masterpiece among your own possessions, but then again, you might.

BYBLOS: *The World's Oldest Living Town*

BY RUTH A. INGLIS

WE APPROACHED Byblos from Beirut by car. Today it is a little agricultural and fishing village of not much more than a thousand inhabitants. The settlement lies on a narrow slope between the Lebanese Mountains and the Mediterranean Sea about 20 miles north of Beirut.

Until we reached Byblos, the 1947 Plymouth seemed old. Now it seemed too modern as it slid crazily on the uneven cobblestones of the narrow street approaching the East Gate of the Crusader Wall. Chickens squawked and fled. Donkeys stood stolidly by the walls of the houses and shops which flanked the street on both sides. People looked up inquiringly and turned back to what they were doing when they saw that the commotion was caused only by a car of unseasonable tourists.

The enclosed part of the street ended as we passed through a deep and narrow stone archway, Gothic in shape. This was the twelfth century Crusader Gate in the town wall. Looking back, we saw, above the arch, a vivid portrayal of the Madonna and Child framed in bright blue. To the left was a mosque.

Turning to face the sea less than a mile away, the ruins of six thousand years lay before us. Cautious

archaeologists count Byblos as "probably" the oldest continuously inhabited town in the world. Damascus, not so far away, claims to be the oldest living city. Other towns in Egypt and Mesopotamia, or possibly in the Far East, may have earlier recorded beginnings, but their sites have been abandoned from time to time or are not now inhabited.

The residents of Byblos are descendants of the Phoenicians, Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Crusaders and Turks. Many of their houses have been built with stones from ruins going back at least to Crusader times. Any critic of the practice might be told that the Crusaders did the same thing and worse. They destroyed ancient temples and used their Greek and Roman columns as foundations for their castles and fortifications, as the Egyptian temples were used before them. Archaeologists have the puzzling job of sorting out the different layers of remains, some of which cover several different periods of Byblos history.

The town has known many names, not even counting variations in spelling. In the Bible it is referred

to as "Gebal" and is noted for its ship builders. Today it is known locally as "Jebail."

"Byblos" is the Greek name, and from it we get our word for Bible. The Greeks imported papyrus from this thriving Phoenician town, and its name came to mean "book" from which was derived The Book.

In other ways, also, the seafaring Phoenicians left their mark on history. They not only developed astronomy and navigation but such a modern concept as marine insurance. Their tiny ships sailed unbelievable distances — to northern Europe as well as to the Orient.

To the Phoenicians we owe one of the great inventions of all time, the development of an alphabet. These individualistic traders and businessmen, with a growing number of bills of lading, catalogues and instructions to overseas employees, figured out a way of simplifying the hieroglyphic script of their time. The alphabet principle was much simpler and eliminated the need for professional scribes.

The oldest alphabetic inscription was found in Byblos on the sarcophagus of King Ahiram of the thirteenth century B.C. It reads: "The coffin which Itobaal, son of Ahiram, King of Byblos, made for his father as his abode in eternity. And if any King or any governor or any army commander attacks Byblos and exposes this coffin, let his judicial scepter be broken, let his royal throne be overthrown, and let peace

flee from Byblos, and as for him, let a vagabond efface his inscription!"

The sarcophagus of Ahiram is in the Beirut museum, but others may be examined at Byblos, lying on the ground. The Egyptian influence is strong both in artistic design and in the burial customs. The sarcophagi were hidden in tombs cut away from the rock on hillsides or underground. At Byblos one may walk, stooping low at some points, through a long winding dark underground passage to one such burial chamber.

THE OLDEST ruins in Byblos are the foundation walls of Egyptian temples dating back about 6,000 years to the fourth millennium B.C. Archaeologists have cleared away the Phoenician and other buildings which were overlaid.

In these distant times there was close contact between the Phoenicians and the Egyptians. Both were good sailors, and the distance from Byblos to the mouth of the Nile River is only about 300 nautical miles. More than one of the rulers of Byblos was beholden to the Egyptian Pharaohs.

Trade was brisk between the two areas, although in later years Sidon and Tyre replaced Byblos as the principal port. The Egyptians were wood-poor, and the famed cedars of Lebanon — now, unhappily, nearly all gone — were a prized import. It is more than likely that the sacred wood used in the construction, nearly 5,000 years ago, of the recently

discovered funcrary solar ships of Cheops, the Egyptian pyramid builder, came from the Lebanese coast. His name was imbedded in a beautiful alabaster vase which was sent as a gift to one of the elite ladies of Byblos.

The countryside around Byblos abounds in legends. Byblos itself was a center for the orgiastic worship of the cult of Venus and Adonis, the myth so frequently and beautifully told in classical poetry. When spring rains flood the Adonis River five miles from Byblos, the iron ore gives a deep reddish color to the stream which is supposed to represent the blood of Adonis, wounded by a wild boar. Mourning with his lover, Venus, women joined together in rites commemorating the death of Adonis, part of which involved searching for him.

Finally, the myth goes, Venus recovered Adonis from death, and spring broke forth upon the earth. This led to wild rejoicing and a feast which lasted seven days. Some scholars trace the sexual rites practiced in Byblos and Babylon down to the modern rite of wedding guests to kiss the bride, circumcision, and the symbolic shearing of women's hair. Apart from the sexual aspects, the parallel with the Christian observance of Easter is obvious.

Although more subdued than in earlier times, women still gather in the springtime at the Adonis River to celebrate the restoration of Adonis to Venus. The Crusaders, how-

ever, virtually put an end to the worship of Adonis in Byblos.

BYBLOS was captured in 1104 by the Crusaders and was the last castle town of Lebanon to be abandoned by them to the Mamluks in 1291. Except for a brief Arab occupation following Saladin's victory in 1187, the town was under the rule of the Genoese noble family of Di Embriaci for eight generations. This family built what is now the most grandiose ruin in Byblos, the castle.

The citadel is a rectangular massive stone structure about 150 feet by 135 feet and several stories high. Greco-Roman columns and mammoth blocks of stone were used in the construction of the foundation. Its thick walls still have cannon balls imbedded in them from the British bombardment of 1840 after which Turkish rule was re-established.

Should any enemy cross the moat and reach the entrance or inside stairway, the defenders of the fortress had a vantage point above, from which to pour boiling water or oil on the intruders.

We climbed to the top of the castle, and my heart pounded as I looked over these modest acres and the small natural harbor with its own fortifications from which the Phoenicians used to extend a chain barrier to enemy ships. Perhaps the physical exertion caused my heart to race. But I was also dizzy with a new sense of the vastness of history.

Do You Know That . . .

🚩 The *Communist Manifesto*, bible of Communism written by Marx and Engel over a century ago, says that capitalism will eventually go bankrupt and collapse because of its inability to maintain economic stability. Violent revolution, according to the Reds, depends upon stirring up class hatred as a result of continued economic crisis.

🚩 Under the New Deal and Fair Deal, the value of the U.S. dollar declined from 100 cents to 52 cents which, in effect, cheated the American citizens of one-half of their income. The national debt reached \$275 billion. This is more money than all of the other people in the world have ever owed.

🚩 The latest report of the Attorney General on the Foreign Registration Act (May 1954) shows that in just one year American citizens and organizations received over \$8,700,000 for serving as registered agents of foreign powers. In addition to this pressure group, there were 864 different individuals and organizations who registered with the Congress

as "lobbyists," receiving money "in connection with attempting, directly or indirectly, to influence the passage or defeat of legislation."

🚩 Since the Republican Administration took over in January 1953, the government's Commodity Price Index has varied less than three-tenths of one percent, and the value of the dollar less than one-fifth of a cent. Continued progress along these lines will cause gloom in the Kremlin.

🚩 In both the House of Representatives and the Senate it takes unanimous consent (1) to insert a newspaper article in the Appendix of the *Congressional Record*, (2) to officially excuse a member from a session of Congress, and (3) to allow a committee to meet while the Congress is in session. It takes a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress (1) to override a Presidential veto and (2) to amend the Constitution of the United States.

🚩 *There is only one act which the Congress cannot rescind if it so*

desires. This concerns the admission of new states. The Civil War decided once and for all that states cannot secede; neither can they be expelled from the Union. Once admitted, the action is final. However, all that is presently required for the admission of a new state is the affirmative vote in both Houses of a *majority of the members present.*

🇺🇸 The Democratic Party passed the first Federal Income Tax law in 1913, and Democratic Congresses have voted 14 out of the 15 tax increases since that time. Republican Congresses voted seven income tax cuts out of the ten reductions that have been made since 1913.

🇺🇸 The chief apologists for the tragic Yalta Conference claim that it was necessary to grant the concessions which were given to Russia in order to obtain Russian participation in the war against Japan. Without Russian assistance it is claimed that a million American casualties would have been suffered before Japan surrendered. Facts available at the time clearly show that (1) Germany was on the point of surrender, (2) the Japanese fleet had been destroyed and the control of the sea was in

the hands of the United States Navy, (3) the United States Air Force controlled the skies and (4) the Japanese had made peace overtures in different quarters.

🇺🇸 If further proof is needed that there was no justification for the Yalta concessions to the Russians, it is to be found in the uncontested statements of Lieutenant-General Leslie R. Groves and Colonel William A. Consodine. General Groves states that before President Roosevelt went to the Yalta Conference, he visited the President at the White House and told him that it was a 99 percent certainty that the atomic bomb would be successful and would be ready for combat use in August 1945. Colonel Consodine states that he met with Secretary of State Stettinius aboard a British man-of-war in Malta Harbor a few days before the conference and told Stettinius that General Groves had double checked with the scientists and that the atomic bomb would work, would be powerful enough to wreck a large city and would be ready for combat use by August 1, 1945. Yalta was a "sell-out."

Senator Styles Bridges

Operation

PHONE PATCH



*By means of an attachment to
their sets, ham radio operators
can now “telephone” all
over the world.*

By Crystal Dunn

“CALLING CQ Stateside Michigan — this is DL4XX in Germany calling CQ Stateside Michigan for phone patch and standing by.”

“Hello DL4XX — this is W8XZZ in Detroit calling DL4XX Germany — over.”

Anyone on the amateur radio frequencies, hearing this exchange, would be in on the beginning of an Operation Phone Patch. It is one of the most interesting and gratifying services performed by amateur radio operators.

In Bay City, Michigan, a soldier's mother answered the telephone to hear a voice say: “Hello, Mrs. Avery? This is amateur radio operator W8XZZ speaking from Detroit. I have your son on my radio set from Germany. He wants to talk to you. He will speak first, then when

he says ‘over’ you may speak. You will not be able to interrupt each other as in a regular telephone conversation. Are you ready? Go ahead, Germany.”

Mrs. Avery, alarmed, clutched the phone. “What’s wrong?” she wondered. “Has he been hurt? Is he sick? Is he in trouble?” Her apprehension mounted as she waited.

Suddenly, she heard her son's voice: “Hi Mom, howareya? This is Dave. Did I scare you? One of my buddies on the base is letting me talk into his set. How're the folks? Let's hear you say something. Over.”

This Germany to Bay City phone patch was inaugurated in Germany where a lonesome soldier hunted up an Army radio station. He had heard it was possible to talk to the folks back home. Most radio operators

serving in the armed forces have amateur licenses, so are permitted to use the radio wave lengths set aside for the exclusive use of hams.

SINCE World War II, these operators have established a new service in communication between distant personnel and their loved ones, through the use of the "phone patch," a small, box-shaped device attached to the equipment of an amateur radio set. Developed by Sonar Radio Corporation, it enables the operator or "ham" to transfer any voice he picks up through his receiver into the telephone lines. Transversely, he may feed a voice from the telephone into his transmitter and out over the air.

Originally, these hams used their sets to keep in touch with their amateur friends in this country. Gradually, as their buddies on the base learned of their personal contacts, the scope of their operations widened to include others.

When our armies were fighting in Korea, a sergeant on the front lines received a cablegram announcing the birth of his first child. As soon as he was able to leave his post, he went to Japan to locate a buddy who was a ham. A Detroit amateur was contacted for a patch. Atmospheric conditions were so good that not only did the soldier talk to his wife, but he was able to hear the gurgling of his new son. The baby was probably the youngest person ever to take part in an Operation Phone Patch.

GI's may be patched from any point on the globe, but civilian employees of the armed forces and members of the diplomatic corps are not permitted to use the amateur-frequency phone patches.

However, the United States has specific agreements with the governments of Canada, Chile, Cuba, Ecuador, Liberia and Peru whereby third-party traffic (relay messages or use of phone patches) may be handled for civilians of those countries.

One New Year's Eve, a ham in Ecuador (a civilian), while talking to a ham in Michigan, mentioned he had been trying to get through to his children who were attending school in a Canadian town. The Michigan ham suggested he telephone them long distance, then patch the children and father through to each other.

After hearing her father's voice, the young daughter started to cry and her brother had to talk for them both. Before contact was lost, he heard both youngsters wish him a "Happy New Year." When his turn came to speak his voice faded out. Lingered with all who listened in on the transmission was the memory of the longing in this conversation.

Although the amateur is always willing to put through these patches, "conditions of the ionosphere are variable and change from hour to hour and day to day." When conditions are favorable, almost any dis-

tance can be reached easily with perfect clarity. The length of time the contact can be maintained, however, is unpredictable.

Amateurs are sometimes in a position to relieve acute anxiety. An officer stationed in French Morocco received a wire informing him of an accident to his daughter. A buddy of his, a ham, succeeded in "raising" Detroit. He was answered by a ham who also was a physician. The doctor phoned the hospital, ascertained the details of her injuries and relayed the information. He also phone patched the officer's wife who gave further reassurance.

ONE EVENING, several hams were sitting in their "shacks" exchanging comments in a "round table." A "shack" is any part of the home where the amateur has his sending and receiving set. A "round table" is similar to a panel discussion. One ham speaks at a time, followed by another in turn. A round table may last minutes or hours. It may also include several widely scattered states.

During this particular round table, a United States weather observer and radio technician stationed on Ellsmere Island broke in. As he

was based about 100 miles from the North Pole, his only means of keeping in touch with home was by radio. He had been trying for months to reach his wife in Los Angeles, but atmospheric conditions had prevented him from making direct communication with California.

Among those taking part in the round table, a Detroit ham receiving him with the least amount of interference volunteered to telephone her.

The husband made the first transmission. The wife was so excited she could hardly talk. The amateurs, listening to their exchange of endearments, felt like gross intruders who had blundered into a very tender love scene between a forlorn wife and her very lonely husband. The roundabout exchange continued for about an hour when suddenly the band closed and the region of the North Pole was lost.

One amateur had this to say: "Handling phone patches for those far away from home, separated from their loved ones, has always given me an inner satisfaction no other facet of ham radio has ever been able to do. I hope the day will never come when Operation Phone Patch will cease to be a part of amateur radio."

Note to Our Readers —

In our April issue, we published an article entitled "Replacement for the Dream We Lost" by Max Eastman. This article is a chapter from a new book, *Reflections on the Failure of Socialism*, by Mr. Eastman, published by the Devin-Adair Company, 23 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y. on March 30th. The price is \$2.75.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN



— A *Personal* Inventory? —

SUCCESSFUL businessmen keep a constant check on the health of their businesses. But an inventory of the businessman's personal health, the most important asset in his business, is much too frequently neglected.

The businessman recognizes that time will cause his plant, whatever its nature, to deteriorate. But he may never give a thought to the fact that his own personal plant undergoes changes during the years.

If he would take an inventory to determine the condition of his heart, his weight, his smoking and drinking habits, and give some thought to the amount and kind of his recreation, he could add many productive years to his span of life.

The present-day doctor has the ability to evaluate the functional



by

FRED B.
CLARKE, M.D.

capacity of the heart: by using X-ray to determine the size (as hearts do get larger under strain), and electrocardiograms to learn if any part of the cardiac function is below normal. He can determine by these means whether either the right or left side of the heart has undergone unusual strain; and, in addition, he learns whether the circulation of the coronary arteries is normal. This latter is of very great importance, since coronary heart disease, while perhaps not the favorite disease of businessmen, is at

least the most frequent.

The average individual does not seem to realize that his heart is like a pump supplying all parts of the body with blood. He is always amazed to learn that with each contraction of the heart about four

ounces of blood is injected into the circulation: and that the average heart beats seventy times per minute! The heart moves approximately seventeen pints of blood a minute, or approximately 1,020 pints per hours. Truly a remarkable record for a muscle not much larger than one's two fists!

An examination of the heart includes a check of the blood pressure, and here again we find that businessmen frequently have trouble. There are families in which this condition is inherited. If both father and mother are hypertensive, their children — at least some of them — will be hypertensive.

The principal reason why businessmen become hypertensive is, of course, the ever-present strain and stress of business. The stress and worry of business produce a physiological change in one's body, upsetting the hormonal balance with an increase of the hormones from the super renal gland (a small but important gland on the top of the kidney), which in turn causes tension and spasm in the small arteries at the point where they discharge blood into the veins. If this continues, a permanent narrowing takes place which results in increased work of the heart as more pressure is necessary to force the required amount of blood through the various vessels.

What can be done for high blood pressure? A great deal. Regulating one's life to lessen stress and worry, adequate rest and recreation are im-

portant. In the past few years, very helpful drugs have been developed.

Stress and anxiety stimulate the sympathetic system, a chain of nerve fibers on each side of the spinal column leading to the kidneys. Many people have been greatly benefited by surgical interruption of the sympathetic nerves to the kidneys.

It is my belief that in a few years a doctor will be able to study an individual and determine whether or not he will be able to stand the strain of modern business.

THE SECOND inventory a businessman can take is simply to step on the scales. If he weighs ten to twenty pounds more than his skeleton and age call for, he is overweight. If he weighs twenty-five pounds more, he is obese and certainly needs to be alerted as to danger ahead.

Overweight should be classified as a disease. Actual figures show conclusively that overweight shortens life. Life insurance companies have produced some very interesting statistics on this. We know that about one-fifth of the population of the United States over the age of 30 are overweight.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company finds that the higher the degree of obesity, the higher the rate of mortality. They find that the death rates of obese insured persons — men and women, young and old — are consistently higher than normal. Markedly obese men show a mortality of 79% above normal;

moderately obese men, 42%; markedly obese women, 61%; and moderately obese women, 42%. The Metropolitan statistics also show a definite correlation between obesity and diabetes, diabetes being 2.57 times more prevalent in obese persons than in persons of average weight.

We have always known that the obese individual is more apt to have gall bladder trouble, and that the obese individual who comes to us for surgery is not as good a surgical risk as he would be if his weight were normal.

Many businessmen find when applying for an insurance policy that for as much as twenty pounds of overweight the company requires a higher premium rate. Why? The answer is obvious: these men don't live as long as normal risks.

Overweight is not always caused by lack of exercise and over-eating; it may result from subnormal activity of the thyroid. Conversely, some underweight people have a thyroid with more than normal activity. Each condition can be definitely determined by basal metabolism studies, and both can be corrected.

If one wants to live out his life expectancy, he should be very much interested in maintaining a normal weight. Overweight and disease of the vascular system are found so frequently together, and relief to an overworked heart so frequently responds to a reduction in weight, that

there must be more than a casual relationship.

THE THIRD inventory a business-man should take is an evaluation of his habits as regards liquor, tobacco and recreation. The cocktail hour is a development of the past twenty-five years. Cocktail parties are becoming more frequent and the result is the development of a feeling that two or three jiggers before dinner are relaxing, and they are. But it should be remembered that the beneficial effect of a little alcohol does *not* increase with the consumption of larger amounts!

There are people who have coronary heart disease and arteriosclerotic changes who are made more comfortable by the use of a small amount of liquor; but there are other tonics that are just as efficient.

If you are going to use liquor, straight whiskey should not be taken on an empty stomach. Two highballs will last about three hours and one could consume, if he spaced his drinks, about twelve ounces a day. But the continued use of such an amount will in the long run prove deleterious.

Fifty years ago, the smoking of cigarettes was looked upon by our elders as a vice, and the young man of twenty who carried a package of cigarettes did not favorably impress a mother with an attractive daughter. What a change since! Women have adopted the habit in a big way. Some of our grandmothers of the

'80's smoked small clay pipes, but they always tried to smoke in private. Today, chain smokers among men and women seem to be increasing, and now we have arrived at certain conclusions as to the effect. Since 1920 the increased sale of cigarettes parallels the increase in mortality rate between the ages of 50 and 70.

A report made at the June, 1954, meeting of the American Medical Association, based on a study of 4,854 deaths, indicated that one package of cigarettes a day over a period of years showed a death rate, between the ages of 50 and 70, twice as high as that of non-smokers.

The American Cancer Society and the British Ministry of Health have reported that excessive use of cigarettes increases the likelihood of lung cancer. How smoking causes this increase has not as yet been determined, but the inhaling of cigarette smoke is probably a factor since aromatic hydrocarbons are retained in the lung. In any event, a pipe or cigar does not seem to have the deleterious effect of chain smoking of cigarettes. Smokers should carefully weigh this information.

In tests at the Marquette University Medical School, students swallowed a specially constructed thermometer and the stomach temperature was found to vary. When high, there was less acid; and when low, acidity was increased. Cigarettes smoked by the students in the tests caused the temperature to fall. The

fall of temperature was actually the result of the nicotine causing contraction of the blood vessels. When this occurred the temperature was lowered and the acidity increased, symptoms commonly associated with duodenal ulcer.

Many of us who have occasion to treat ulcer patients found years ago that we could not clear up ulcer symptoms as long as the patient smoked cigarettes. Many doctors refuse to treat a patient if he continues to smoke.

FINALLY, recreation is very much neglected by the businessman, yet it is a valuable contribution to a longer life. I mean recreation with relaxation. To many people, recreation means getting in a car and driving several thousand miles to spend a few days wading in a trout stream, or carrying a heavy rifle in the hope of bagging a deer. During one deer season, three of my patients suffered heart attacks. The strain of getting up from a desk job, donning heavy clothing, carrying a rifle, and tramping the mountains at eight thousand feet altitude was much too much. Recreation should mean rest with moderate activity in the fresh air, rather than excessive work.

All the factors I have mentioned have been proved, through years of careful medical research, to be important to the health of today's harassed businessman. It is now up to the businessman himself to do something about it.

Progressive Confusion

BY GEORGE N. KRAMER



I USED up my vacation last year, putting into shape a wretchedly-neglected back yard: a jumble of weeds and unpruned trees, a tangled assortment of vines, brambles and strangled flowers — a living demonstration of survival of the fittest at its worst.

The children passing by on their way to school remind me of my neglected back yard. Now, what could school children and overgrown gardens have in common? The odious comparison seems like a slander on the children, but nothing of the sort is intended.

All gardens and all children are not alike. Much depends on their bringing up, their cultivation, the kind of attention given to them. My neighbor always had a beautiful garden, while mine was contemptible. There was no difference in the soil or terrain, but whereas mine was rambling off in all directions, following no order, becoming snarled and distorted, his was an object of envy.

The only difference was in the care given to the respective premises. My neighbor attended to his garden regularly. He gave it constant at-

tention. It was a pleasure to watch him tenderly place the vines where they belonged, firmly training the branches in the right direction, and where an errant twig or a sucker appeared, snipping it off.

While I talked glibly that something must be done about it, my back yard was imperceptibly developing into a maze of confusion. But I knew the day would come when I would have to take drastic measures to restore the place. Finally, a sense of guilt induced me to undertake the unpleasant task myself. Now, the yard is shaping up.

The consequences of neglect flow from well-established laws. Generations of experience have taught gardeners that beauty and fruitfulness can be attained only through continuous training and pruning, weeding and diligent cultivation. That is the nature of growing things. Professors in agricultural colleges have never been known to advocate progressive farming, in the sense of permitting nature to take its course unrestrained; but it is a curious modern twist that some professors of education would have the world return to a primitive jungle of society. Untold centuries of accumulated wisdom of mankind have demonstrated conclusively that the general principles applying to agriculture and horticulture apply with even greater force to the education of children.

It is quite correct to object that children and plants are not iden-

tical. But both possess similar tendencies, however, to grow and expand and, if deprived of the benefit of firm guidance, to become entangled in a variety of conflicting forces. We have today an unfortunate descriptive term for the Topsy kind of children who simply "grewed up," and that is "mixed-up kids."

WHY are they mixed up, and who mixed them up? It is only fair to say that probably nobody, but the comparatively recent trend in certain so-called education is being defended with an exaggerated emphasis on freedom. Freedom of or from what? From the binding acceptance of age-old truths and eternal principles?

Let us face it. The answer is in the affirmative. These educators want to be novel, they want to be different, they want to defy the laws of nature. They want every child to be a law unto itself; to let it grow, expand, and, if in the process it becomes confused, allow it to find its own way out, unassisted. They have identified freedom with license, self-indulgence with responsibility, caprice with moral law.

These educators have infiltrated the home with their ungodly gospel of unrestrained freedom. Freedom from everything logically includes freedom from legitimate authority, which, in turn, produces disrespect and even hatred for *all* authority. Weaning children from parental control ultimately leads to denials of

parental rights and corresponding assumption of these rights by the state. It is therefore understandable why in Communist countries children spy on and report their parents to the Red police.

Actually, all this is merely planned neglect. As in my garden, it is letting nature take its course. Inevitably, whether in the plant world or in society, this type of freedom will degenerate into chaos which extends its influence in ever-widening circles.

Lack of effective authority and respect for authority react disastrously not only upon the individual, but upon the whole body politic. Within terrifyingly brief time, progressive education has produced an undergrowth of social confusion. Worse, the thorny offshoots of unpruned tendencies have penetrated into the more orderly sectors of society, as daily revealed in our press and more extensively spread upon police blotters of every city and rural community. Obviously, the day is fast approaching when these trends must be curbed, either by parent and teacher, or by public law-enforcing agencies, which are compelled to more and more rigorous action. The ultimate? The police state.

WHAT is the root of it all? Absence of restraints, neglect in the name of freedoms. The good gardener snips off errant twigs. Progressive education forbids teacher or parent to snip off anything. According to this system, children are

no longer trained or taught or disciplined. They indulge in "experiences," a pet word in current educational jargon. The teacher is reduced to a kind of window dressing to lend respectability to the scene, but he or she might just as effectively have stood in my back yard and smiled at the brambles. Granted that the teacher is expected to talk, what does that achieve without positive norms, without sanctions, without authority to speak with finality?

Perhaps nothing could shock the reader more than to realize that progressive education in the usual meaning of the term is Communistic. On the surface, this statement seems farfetched and ridiculous, but it is true. The system of Communism is, as everyone should know, highly centralized and savagely dictatorial, yet no one prattles more about absolute freedom than does the Red-fronter and the dyed-in-the-wool Communist.

On September 8, 1952, testifying before the Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of Internal Security Act and Other Security Laws, Dr. Bella V. Dodd, former Communist agent, said:

"You take, for instance, the whole question of the theory of education, whether it should be progressive education or whether it should be the more formal education. The Communist Party, as a whole, adopted a line for being for the progressive education."

LAWSUITS Can Be Avoided

BY E. M. MARSHALL



WHAT can you do to settle a dispute when another car collides with yours? What can you do when you are injured through some step of your job, or from an accident your employer claims was due to your own negligence or disregard of the firm's instructions? Or when the dry cleaner spoils your clothing? Or the contractors fail to carry out the terms of the agreement for making your new home, or landscaping the grounds, laying the walks, or building a garage of the stated size and specified materials?

Because all of these suppositions concern facts and not questions of law, you will get the promptest settlement of your grievances by resorting to arbitration instead of bringing suit as you may promptly threaten to do.

Arbitration is a voluntary process which depends on the consent of both parties to be bound by the decision. This is where it differs from mediation or conciliation. This may be expressed in a contract clause providing for arbitration, under American Arbitration Association rules, of any future dispute which may arise in interpretation and enforcement of the contract, or the agreement to arbitrate may be

in the form of a "submission agreement" by which the parties undertake to arbitrate an existing dispute.

By addressing a letter stating your case and giving the names of witnesses or any other data having bearing on the dispute, you put things in motion. This you mail to American Arbitration Association, 477 Madison Avenue, New York City, New York. Often, the promptness with which you get action will take your breath away.

Talking things over is the oldest method known for getting the real basis of disagreement out in the open and learning what each party will, and will not, do to come to terms. It has been used with success by our government in dealings with other nations, so it offered, at least, the probability of doing the same for our citizens.

Yet arbitration agreements actually had little standing in court until New York State passed the first arbitration law in 1920. Since then, 14 other states recognize arbitration and abide by its rulings: New Jersey, Massachusetts, California, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Arizona, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Michigan, Washington, Wisconsin and Oregon.

It wasn't until 1926 that Charles M. Schwab, Felix Warberg, Herbert Hoover, Charles Evans Hughes and Harlan Stone founded the non-profit association to which you now can appeal.

At first, lawyers did not appear in arbitration cases because they saw arbitration as a rival. In ten years, however, they were appearing in 36 percent of such cases and now they are in 91 percent of all arbitration proceedings.

ONE OF the great advantages of arbitration is its ability to fit into whatever conditions prevail. In the event of illness, proceedings have been carried on at the bedside of the sick person.

Before hearings begin, both parties agree on arbitrators selected from the panels of arbitrators of the AAA. It is usual to select only people well versed in whatever matters are at the root of the conflict. This eliminates many time-consuming details needed as background in court cases if jurors are to know enough to render a just verdict.

Sixteen hundred of our cities now have 13,000 arbitrators capable of seeing both sides of matters under dispute. Though such discussions are not formal ones with a court

stenographer taking down every word, transcripts may be kept if the parties prefer it. Usually the arbitrators are leading men in the area — retired judges, officials in big firms who are authorities in their fields, bank officials, lawyers, traffic experts. Such men can listen with open minds and best of all — they will render a decision in an hour or so. Of course, when the root of a disagreement lies in a question of law, the court is the one to handle it, not arbitration.

Even if a hung jury fails to give you redress, you can appeal to arbitration and save money and time. The minimum charge is \$25 for each party, although if the case concerns less than that amount, the fee may be waived. The smallest case yet handled through arbitration was for \$1.47. The largest amount to date covered \$8,800,000. The cost was about one-tenth of one percent. When your grievance is concerned with labor, the fee will be \$25, no matter what amounts are involved, and \$25 for each additional day of the hearing.

So don't forget, if you find yourself faced with the prospect of a lawsuit, arbitration may offer you a quick and reasonable solution of your problem.





The **HARVEY MATUSOW** *Story*

BY NORA DE TOLEDANO

HARVEY MATUSOW, an ex-Communist who had furnished testimony against the Communist Party in two criminal cases and before numerous Congressional committees and other government inquiries is the embodiment of a Communist propaganda line as simple, bold, and effective as the one that the Chinese Communists are only agrarian reformers. Under the guidance of known Communists, Matusow in January 1955 filed two extraordinary affidavits. On behalf of Clinton E.

Jencks, a Communist labor leader convicted of falsifying a Taft-Hartley affidavit, Matusow swore that his own testimony had been false. In the second affidavit, Matusow swore now that he had lied in the Smith Act trial of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and twelve other Communist functionaries, and that an Assistant U.S. Attorney had suborned his perjury.

Simultaneous with the Communist legal offensive came a flanking maneuver via a syndicated column by Stewart Alsop who, with his

brother Joseph, has devoted himself to the defense of almost every major security risk exposed in the past decade. Alsop announced that Matusow had written a "credible" and "documented" book confessing "how he made a business of bearing false witness and how the American government made his business a profitable one."

The New York *Times*, which had privately used Matusow, issued a blistering editorial attacking "professional informers" and the Justice Department. The New York *Herald Tribune* published, as fact, unchecked information received by its reporter from a known Communist. At best, most newspapers fatuously proclaimed that Matusow had lied before and was also lying now — a gambit which the Communists found no less satisfying.

THE TWO judges, Robert E. Thomsen in Texas and Edward J. Dimock in New York, who had heard the original trials, granted hearings on the motions. A grand jury in New York issued subpoenas calling for every kind of written material relating to Harvey Matusow and/or the book he was writing or purporting to write, and under threat of a six-month contempt sentence for refusing to honor the subpoena, Albert Kahn, co-publisher of the book, decided to turn the material over.

And so the nine-days wonder of the Matusow case should have been

exploded the day after Albert Kahn decided not to go to jail. For Kahn called a press conference and placed the documents literally in the hands of newspaper reporters. These documents included a four-page outline of a book called *Blacklisting Was My Business*, and the typewritten transcript of conversations between Kahn and Matusow contained on 12 spools of magnetic tape. These, together with the 71-page history of his Communist Party activity prepared by Matusow in 1951, contain incontrovertible proof that:

✓ Harvey Matusow's original testimony in the Jencks and Flynn cases, as well as his other testimony, was true.

✓ All the present "confessions" are false and Communist-inspired.

✓ As late as December 14, 1954, Matusow affirmed to Kahn that his previous testimony had been wholly truthful.

✓ Kahn and his associates cooked up the book, *False Witness*, as a vehicle for obtaining false affidavits from Matusow.

✓ Here was the real Matusow story, but a free American press was too indifferent to print it.

The story forms an intricate pattern of moves and motives of a number of men, some of whom always remain far in the background. The front man was Albert E. Kahn, long-time Party hack, identified as "one of the leaders of the Communist Party in New York." He heads, with Angus Cameron, whose

Communist label is of the Fifth Amendment variety, the publishing firm which produced *False Witness*, a 250-page book with at least one lie on each page. Kahn's name will appear in these pages as often as Matusow's, for the present-day Matusow, it will be proven, is Kahn's creature.

Harvey was discharged from the Army in August 1946, a veteran of 20, with rudimentary schooling and no trade. A prewar friend, Jules Sheik, urged him to join the local branch of American Youth for Democracy, a Communist front. After a year of apprentice subversion, Harvey Matusow graduated into the real Communist Party U.S.A.

HE WAS JUST 21 years old, vigorous, aggressive and not introspective. As a function of his duties or out of sheer animal energy, he joined or contributed the use of his name or his services to dozens of Party and Party-front organizations and activities, and himself participated in the founding of a major project, the Labor Youth League. He clerked at Party bookstores, both in town and at summer camps run by or for the Party, and called square dances at Party windings. He marched in May Day parades, campaigned for Communist or Communist-supported election candidates, ran the switchboard at Party headquarters, picketed, attended classes at Party schools, joined labor

unions in which there were Communist cells. He even did a few semi-underground chores when so instructed. Not all of these activities were simultaneous; some were paid jobs, some volunteer, some the routine which is imposed on all Party members. And at none of them did he last very long.

But he acquired familiarity with the procedures and people involved in a vast number of Communist enterprises. To hear *False Witness* tell it, however, all he did was distribute a few petitions, sell a few *Daily Workers*, and wait around for Party headquarters to open once a week.

Three years after he had joined the Communist Party, Matusow was expelled on suspicion of being an FBI informant, which he had been for almost a year.

Early in 1950, Matusow had telephoned the FBI in New York, met with agents, given some information, and arranged to report while maintaining his Party membership. He subsequently made both written and oral reports for which he sometimes received expense money — never more than \$75 a month — to a total of \$462.66 in seven months' time. The fact that he made reports is no indication whatsoever of their nature or value. That is information which the FBI does not under any circumstances make public.

In July 1950, he turned up at a dude ranch run by Craig and Jennie Vincent whom he had met as fellow

Communists in New York. That this was a crucial event would not become apparent to him for some years.

San Cristobal Valley Ranch in Taos, New Mexico, was very special. The V.I.P. guests were celebrities like actor Howard Da Silva, songwriter Earl Robinson, a secretary to the Czechoslovak (Communist) Delegation to the UN, and Clinton E. Jencks, of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union, which had been thrown out of the CIO for promoting Communism that past February. And the management was almost more illustrious than the guests. Owner Craig Vincent was Communist Party organizer for New Mexico, and the ranch's Eastern representative was none other than Henry Collins, Jr., intimate friend of Alger Hiss and, like him, a member of Whittaker Chambers' spy ring. But perhaps most special of all was the ranch's location — it was only 80 miles from Los Alamos.

False Witness, of course, speaks only of "a summer resort, a ranch nestled in the mountains of northern New Mexico," and of anonymous "fellow guests," all "just relaxing."

Harvey Matusow reported to the FBI on events at that ranch, among them his meetings with Clinton Jencks in a Party context and Jencks' admitting Party membership. Harvey was probably not aware that Jencks, on April 28 of that year, had filed an affidavit under provisions of the Taft-Hartley act,

swearing that he, Jencks, was not a Communist. But all branches of government concerned with internal security were highly alive to the fact.

Most top officials of the Mine-Mill Union have either been identified as Communists or have used the Fifth Amendment as a shield against so identifying themselves. Its attorney, Nathan Witt, a member of the Hiss-Chambers and Bentley spy rings, has been a known Communist for at least twenty years. Mine-Mill Union locals in the copper industry alone can sabotage the production not merely of munitions, but also of tubing and other equipment vital to hydrogen bomb installations and to the processing of high-octane gasoline for planes.

The Taft-Hartley non-Communist oath was devised as one legal means of fighting Communist control of such key unions as Mine-Mill. But the officials in question had been blandly signing the oath and daring the government to prove otherwise. Information that Jencks was openly admitting his Party membership after having filed his oath was therefore of considerable value.

AND THERE was the other aspect to San Cristobal which *False Witness* does not mention at all. When Harvey decided, in 1953, to write a book of his own, this is how he planned to write about San Cristobal:

Chapter 8. Dude Ranch for Communists . . . I cover here Communist

Party dude ranch in New Mexico near Los Alamos. Also request by the Czechoslovakian government to have me attempt to steal atomic and military secrets in New Mexico working through the ranch.

Harvey stayed at the ranch for a week, and then settled in Taos. He continued to visit the ranch often and to report to the FBI. But suddenly Craig Vincent told Harvey he had received word through the New Mexico Party that Harvey was being expelled on charges of being an "enemy agent," and barred him from the ranch. Harvey went haring back to New York to try to patch things up, but the Party stood firm and his expulsion was formally announced in the *Daily Worker* of January 19, 1951. With the end of his Party membership, he automatically stopped being an "undercover" informant for the FBI.

Harvey Matusow's disaffection with the Party had been growing for some time, but being brought up on charges and formally ejected was a shock. In *False Witness*, of course, the episode reads like a Moscow trial confession. Like every other former Communist, Harvey now had to readjust his whole life. The Korean War had started in June and he decided to re-enlist in the Army.

IF THE BURLESQUE version of Matusow's second Army hitch and his subsequent transition from rejection by the Communists as an "enemy

agent" to acceptance by the anti-Communists as a witness against the conspiracy which appears in *False Witness* could be believed by the respectable press and the general public, it would do four important things.

1. It would destroy Matusow's past testimony before committees and hearing boards and in so doing not only discredit other witnesses as well, but serve directly to bolster his own present action on behalf of Jencks and the Flynn cases defendants.

2. It would add explosive fuel to the fires which non-Communists had long been building under the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, the Subversive Activities Control Board and the like.

3. It would explode squarely in the heart of the arsenals of information which are the life-blood of American internal security — the FBI and the research files of the Congressional committees.

4. It would damage the character and reputation of militant anti-Communists who had vouched for Matusow as an ex-Communist.

All of these aims were effectively neutralized in public hearings of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in Washington, when Matusow himself was used to prove that he is swearing falsely now but did not swear falsely in the past.

The press, however, was interested only in his diversionary tactics,

or the by-play of partisan politics in which, to his eternal shame, Senator Hennings chose to indulge. The reporters did not report the nature and purpose of a vindictive personal attack on Ed and Martha Edmiston, for instance, the former undercover Communists for the FBI who first vouched for Matusow and took him into their home and out of the purgatory into which the Party had thrust him, as in the following exchange between Matusow and Jay Sourwine, Committee counsel:

SOURWINE. Did you, with the assistance and encouragement of the Edmistons, prepare a written account of your experiences as a Communist?

MATUSOW. Well, with the assistance, through the discussions with the Edmistons, I made some statements about my Communist activities.

SOURWINE. Is that the 71-page document which went into the record here yesterday?

MATUSOW. I talked about that, certain documents, sir, and again, sir, as I did yesterday, I will have to decline to answer that question on the basis of the fifth amendment to the Constitution.

SOURWINE. Did you in connection with that document prepare a list of persons personally known by you to be Communists?

MATUSOW. I decline to answer that question, sir, on the grounds of the fifth amendment to the United States Constitution . . .

AND JUST WHAT was this 71-page document about which Matusow did not dare to testify in 1955? Or the "list of persons personally known" by him to be Communists? Both had been prepared by Matusow in the fall of 1951, as a basis for his first appearance before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in executive session, where he was examined on his written report. His first public appearance was not until 3 months later, 3 months during which the expert staff of the Un-American Activities Committee checked and cross-checked every word of Matusow's. He did not dare to acknowledge that document in 1955, because he knew the committees of Congress could offer proof of every statement he had made.

And the list of Communists known to him? He remembered the tape recording he himself had made on December 7, 1954, wherein he discussed that very list with Kahn, his "editor," as follows:

MATUSOW. I also compiled a list of 200 and some odd names — all the names I could think of of members of the Communist Party. Luckily my memory has always been very bad on names or I would have had a list of 3,000. Because of my activities in the Communist Party when I was working at the switchboard in Party headquarters and at the bookshops and stuff like that. If I had a better memory for names I would really have done some damage which — I mean — would dwarf any of the

activities that I've had. Actually in the executive testimony, it was almost verbatim of this report or this autobiographical sketch . . .

KAHN. When you named these 200 individuals as members of the Communist Party, were you sure of — of your own knowledge, for example, that they were actually members?

MATUSOW. Well, here, let me answer it this way, Al. I believed at the time that all of the people who I testified about were actually dues-paying members of the Communist Party. Now we have to get to the point of whether or not I was right in my belief. Did I start off with the right premise or did I have the right hypothesis. My basic hypothesis or premise was if it swims like a duck, waddles like a duck and quacks like a duck — it's a duck. Which is McCarthy's tactic. Only I went a little deeper than that. In other words I just didn't say because the *Daily Worker* mentioned his name. I said to myself, well, did anybody who ever teach at the Jefferson School teach there who was not a Communist. In my relation to the school. That is in '49, '48. No. Therefore anybody who taught at the school, such as Dashiell Hammett, was a Party member or he couldn't teach at the school. This was — this is the absolute. Did anybody whose book was published by International Publishers — in other words did they ever publish a non-Communist? No. He must be a Party member. Did people take part in discussion on the

recognition of Communist China at a place like the Jefferson School unless they were Communists? No. They had to be Party members. I would maybe put them in.

THE ABOVE conversation appears verbatim in the tape transcripts which Albert Kahn made available to reporters at the Hotel Chelsea, New York, February 10, 1955.

Of these transcripts, Robert S. Bird wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune*:

. . . Mr. Kahn allowed reporters to examine . . . a 171-page alleged transcript of tape recordings . . . The burden of them is that he gave false testimony on subversive matters in a variety of proceedings, including Congressional committee inquiries, as well as in the trial of the thirteen Communists . . .

And Edward Ranzal, in the New York *Times*:

. . . Mr. Kahn made public . . . the transcript of conversations between Matusow and Kahn in which the former admitted giving false statements in political campaigns, false statements before the various Congressional committees, branding as Reds prominent personalities in the theatre and motion pictures of whom he knew nothing . . .

A KEY POINT raised in *False Witness* and repeated as true by Stewart Alsop and his ilk, is a purported description of Matusow's appearance before the Senate Internal Subcommittee in the Institute of Pacific

Relations hearings. Not even *False Witness* goes as far as Alsop in flatly calling Matusow "a chief witness" against Owen Lattimore — Matusow, the 56th witness with 2 sentences on Lattimore in a record over 5,000 pages long. But Alsop and *False Witness* concur in their description of Matusow's testimony.

This is how it stood up under examination:

SOURWINE. Does your book contain the statement, "I climaxed my testimony with the dramatic assertion that Owen Lattimore's books were used as the official Communist Party guide on Asia?"

MATUSOW. Yes, sir; in substance I said that. I said that in the book. In substance I said it before the committee. . . .

SOURWINE. Well, now, as a matter of fact, you did not testify before the committee, did you, that Lattimore's book was the official Communist Party guide on Asia?

MATUSOW. I recall having done so.

SOURWINE. Did you not testify only that Mr. Lattimore's book was sold in Communist Party bookstores, that it was pushed by Communist Party bookstores, that it was advertised by Communist Party bookstores?

MATUSOW. And I also recall — maybe I am wrong —

SOURWINE. Will you let me finish my question?

MATUSOW. All right, sir.

SOURWINE (continuing). That it was advertised by Communist Party

bookstores and that you had been told by someone in authority in the educational department of the Communist Party that the book contained supplemental Communist Party material?

MATUSOW. That is what I said; that is what I said. What I say in the book in substance, just what you told me, sir.

SOURWINE. Your opinion is that what I stated in my questions, asking you if you had so testified, is the same as testifying that Owen Lattimore's books were used as the official party guide on Asia?

MATUSOW. There is no difference in substance, sir.

SOURWINE. That is fine. Let me ask you about the components. As a matter of fact, Owen Lattimore's books to your knowledge were sold in Communist Party bookstores; were they not?

MATUSOW. I sold them; yes, sir.

SOURWINE. To your knowledge, Owen Lattimore's books were pushed by Communist Party bookstores and advertised by them; were they not?

MATUSOW. No, sir.

SOURWINE. Are you testifying that they were not advertised?

MATUSOW. I do not recall any advertisements of his books.

SOURWINE. For your information, I will state that a reproduction of one of those advertisements is in our IPR record.

MATUSOW. Fine. Then you refresh my recollection. I do not deny it.

SOURWINE. Do you now know that

it is true that Owen Lattimore's books were advertised by Communist Party bookstores?

MATUSOW. You told me so, and if you tell me so, I will take your word for it. . . .

SOURWINE. Now, we come down to the single question, whether Owen Lattimore's books were represented to you as containing the Communist Party line. I will ask if you have not testified that books which are contrary to the Communist Party line may not be sold and are not in Communist bookstores?

MATUSOW. I testified to that effect; yes, sir.

SOURWINE. Was that true testimony?

MATUSOW. That books not of the Communist line and contrary to the Communist line — partially true, partially false.

SOURWINE. Are books which are contrary to the Communist Party line sold in Communist bookstores?

MATUSOW. Depending upon what part of the Communist Party line you are talking about, sir. A very broad thing.

And so on. What better demonstration, to use Stewart Alsop's words in a less approving context than he did, of "the full, gamy flavor of Matusow's revelations"?

After he had filed his 71-page autobiographical account with the HUAC and the FBI, Matusow received word that the Justice Department was considering using him in the forthcoming trial of the second-

string Party functionaries, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn et al. On December 19, 1951, he had an interview for a primary evaluation of his information.

That was when he first met Roy Cohn, and he and Cohn disliked each other on sight.

THEIR MUTUAL DISLIKE did not matter in the long preparation for the Flynn trial, for Cohn and Matusow met only casually until May 16, 1952, when he was then assigned to Cohn. From February 17 to May 16, Matusow was examined by three other Assistant U.S. Attorneys successively. And on the day when he now charges that Cohn first started to suborn him, he did not work with Cohn at all. But when the time came to draw an affidavit in support of the Communist Party functionaries against the monumental testimony contained in hundreds of books and papers, the precedent and evidence of the previous Smith Act conviction of the top Communists (which had been upheld by the Supreme Court), plus the immutable evidence of other witnesses than Matusow, no confession of perjury by him could stand a chance of holding the court's — or the public's — attention. Then came the inspiration of charging Roy Cohn with subornation of the obviously fictitious perjury.

The Communist Party knows the non-Communist press too well. The sight of Roy Cohn on the witness

stand was too delicious. The obviousness of the maneuver was never remarked in the squeals of delight.

Harvey Matusow's testimony in Washington on February 6 and 7, 1952, was the first of a series of public appearances as a witness against the Communist conspiracy. His testimony was useful because his experience in the Party had been recent, and he helped to keep the public records of Communist aims and activities up to date.

JOURNALISTS of Stewart Alsop's persuasion have tried to create the impression that Harvey Matusow has been spouting lies from the privileged forum of Congressional witness stands for years and years, and receiving vast sums of the taxpayers' money for it. Actually, his main committee appearances as a friendly witness were all within the space of nine months, in five hearings and on a total of six days.

If Matusow ever thought that he could be a "professional ex-Communist," he quickly learned that that was not so. He still had to have a job. But if as a witness he was of some value, as an employee he was not. A succession of anti-Communist groups or organizations tried to fit him into their outfit, and successively he fell down on the job. He did manage to do a few odd jobs, such as an affidavit the New York *Times* bought from him for \$146, in February 1952, testifying to the Communist participation in a stu-

dent strike at the City College of New York. In *False Witness*, the name of the New York *Times* is omitted, and the price is hiked to \$300. The story has not yet appeared in the *Times'* news columns, nor in their numerous editorials on "paid professional informers."

In August 1952, Harvey Matusow was in need of a job. Without any prior acquaintance, he marched himself into Senator McCarthy's office in Washington and offered his services in the campaign. Playing on the Senator's known compassion for the plight of ex-Communists, he at last got himself invited to deliver some speeches. He campaigned vigorously for Senator McCarthy and other Republican candidates, including Arthur Watkins of Utah. Whether for McCarthy or for Watkins, Matusow was no less inclined to hit a point for a little more than it was worth than any participant in the campaign, even an ADA Democrat.

But Matusow's part in the campaign had to be distorted in *False Witness* because the whole Matusow conspiracy was to swing on the pivot of one news story of one of his speeches, as picked up and elaborated on by Joseph and Stewart Alsop. On January 18, 1953, the Alsops wrote:

. . . According to the highly reliable Great Falls (Mont.) *Tribune*, Matusow publicly stated in a speech at Great Falls during the recent Presidential campaign, that "the Sunday section of 'the New York *Times*'

alone has 126 dues-paying Communists." As it happens, the entire staff of the Sunday section of the New York *Times* numbers eighty-seven, including two part-time copy boys . . .

False Witness of course approvingly notes:

"In their column, Joseph and Stewart Alsop requested that the Justice Department investigate the "professional informer. . . ." A few days after their column appeared . . . Alfred Kohlberg, a McCarthy supporter. . . . offered to help if I desired to act against the Alsops. . . . But I chose to take no action. I had lied.

But in a tape-recorded conversation with Al Kahn in early December 1954, Matusow said, "I have a recording of the speech where I didn't say these things."

FURTHER, in 1953, he gave the New York *Times* an affidavit which the *Times* has not yet found fit to print. But now that, thanks to Harvey, it is in the public domain, it becomes clear why the scoop-chasing New York *Times* hugged to itself the exclusive "recantation" of a "professional ex-Communist informer."

This is the heart of Matusow's affidavit concerning both his sworn testimony and his unsworn statements about Communists on the New York *Times*:

The statements are susceptible to the inference that I personally knew of 120 or more specific individuals employed by the New York *Times*

who are members of the Communist Party. This is not correct. I am able at this time to name no more than six employees of the *Times* at the time of my activities in the Communist Party whom I knew as members of it. At least one of these has left the *Times*' employ since then. I am willing to give the *Times* the names of these individuals.

The figure of approximately 120 which I mentioned in my testimony and my speeches was essentially an unverified estimate based on impressions I received as a member of the New York Section of the American Newspaper Guild and as a member of the New York Press Section or "fraction," of the Communist Party.

The estimate was based principally on the circumstance that, I was informed, in guild elections the *Times* unit would supply as many as 600 votes for a slate of officers espoused by the Communist Party and known among members as a "Communist slate." It was calculated in the Party that in such an election, one ardent or card-carrying Party member normally could swing 10 votes. This I interpreted to indicate a nucleus of 60 hard-core Party members in the *Times* Unit.

I was informed that there also was a Communist Party unit among *Times* typographical employees, who are outside the Newspaper Guild, and another among the "white-collar" office employees. I also was under the impression that there were a number of Party members among the large number of outside people who periodically review books for the *Times*.

Altogether I estimated that this second category of non-Guild personnel might account for another 60 Communist Party members. In re-examining my original statements, it seems to me that it was inaccurate to take the book-reviewing group into consideration in any statement about *Times* employees, since in general they are not members of the *Times* staff.

Another element that went into my numerical estimate was impressions I received of Communist membership among *Times* employees during Party discussions of unit quotas in connection with dues payments, fund drives, etc.

The affidavit the *Times* had bought in 1952 was a far better bargain. This one cost them \$300, and has lain more or less quietly in their files for a year and a half. Not on its initial receipt in 1953, nor on its introduction into the Washington proceedings on February 22, did the *Times* find it newsworthy.

In his official confession, *False Witness*, as well as in the subsequent hearings, Harvey Matusow has brushed as lightly as possible over his marriage. This account will be no less pious. There is no question, however, but that it was a terrible mistake for both. "Billie" Bentley and Harvey first met when Matusow wangled an invitation to join the 1952 election-night party at Mrs. Bentley's home in Washington. Mrs. Bentley is an extremely wealthy woman who was at that time an ardent supporter of Joe McCarthy.

Harvey accepted Mrs. Bentley's

spur-of-the-moment invitation to accompany her to Nassau. On his return he sold the purportedly "hot" story to Drew Pearson for \$250. (Harvey was still jobless.) Pearson was quick to dream up an elaborate tale of evading service of subpoenas, enormous sums of money which Joe McCarthy is supposed to have misused in all sorts of foul ways, and the like. The facts are: Mrs. Bentley was avoiding no subpoena since no such subpoena was ever issued for her. She had loaned McCarthy \$7,000, for which her lawyer holds the usual interest-bearing note. Whatever money she donated to political campaigns, McCarthy's or anyone else's, was done as a wealthy woman's financial matters are handled, through her financial advisors. There are records to show that whatever sum Matusow has charged her with having given McCarthy (and the amounts vary in each telling) it is "grossly exaggerated," to quote a lawyer's decorous characterization.

BUT THERE ARE other elements below the surface. Drew Pearson is not only Joe McCarthy's mortal enemy, but the staunch defender of Owen Lattimore. And Mrs. Bentley's Washington attorney was then the law partner of Leo Rover—special prosecutor in the perjury proceedings against Owen Lattimore. Hence the sinister hodgepodge which appears in *False Witness* and elsewhere.

Harvey and Billie were married

late in March, and by May he had called police to the house because she had locked him out. In May, too, Drew Pearson used on a television broadcast some of the material Harvey had sold him, and its nature made its source clear. Harvey was booted out both by his wife and by McCarthy. Mrs. Matusow left for Reno, with Harvey in hot pursuit, hoping to reconcile Billie to him. To that end, he wrote apologies, one to Billie through Mr. Joseph Rafferty, her lawyer; the other to Joe McCarthy. In the letter to Rafferty he admitted having stolen \$1,780 from his wife, writing the word "stole" in capital letters and red ink. The letter also confessed his guilt in the Drew Pearson episode and declared that he himself had suffered worse from it than had either Billie or Joe McCarthy.

The letter to Joe McCarthy has been widely quoted, not only in *False Witness*, but in the free press, as proving that Matusow, and so all witnesses, lied before Congressional committees. This is a ready inference to draw from the parts of the letter which were quoted. The part which does not appear in *False Witness*, nor in those respectable newspapers which have taken *False Witness* as their source, is as follows:

I did one honest thing, and that was when I went to the FBI in relation to my activities in the Communist Party and also when I testified before the Committees in Washington . . . When I testified at the trial of the 13

Communist leaders in New York, the defense lawyer said "You'd do anything for a buck." I denied it but he was right. My testimony was honest, but that was about the only thing in my being there that was . . . in December I did "anything for a buck." I sold a story to Drew Pearson . . . I didn't believe it would hurt you . . . I know I was wrong . . . I do believe in your cause . . . one that I should not be associated with . . . Goodby and Goodspeed in your crusade . . . I know now that I am with you . . . Thanks for your honesty with me — I didn't deserve it.

MATUSOW blamed himself for having sold Drew Pearson material which, as used by Pearson, appeared highly damaging to Joe McCarthy. But when apologies failed to heal the breach, Matusow's bitterness shifted to McCarthy and Matusow now turned to Pearson.

First groveling for having accused him "falsely" of something or other, Matusow then proposed that Pearson's leg-man, Jack Anderson, assist him in writing and selling a book about McCarthy which would be consonant with the Pearson viewpoint. And so, in the fall of 1953, Matusow embarked on a combined orgy of repentance and fund-raising, predicated on a jerry-built outline and one chapter of a book entitled, "The World of McCarthy — Blacklisting Was My Business," written in Pearson's office by Matusow and edited by Jack Anderson.

The list of people he visited or telephoned on this mission is a Who's Who of anti-anti-Communism. Senators Henry Jackson, Mike Mansfield, Hubert Humphrey, Herbert Lehman and Murray of Montana all received the Matusow special combined offer of apology and request for a \$1,500 subsidy to enable Matusow to write his book. So did Marquis Childs, James Wechsler and Elmer Davis. He varied the pitch from time to time by delicately inferring to such people as Alfred Kohlberg, no anti-McCarthyite he, that the same sum (no apology, of course) would enable him *not* to write the book. But there were no takers.

In March, when the Puerto Rican Nationalists started shooting up Congress, he paused long enough in his rounds to telegraph the House Committee and offer to supply testimony and documents on the Nationalists. The offer was not acknowledged.

At last he cornered Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam in the Peacock Alley of the Hotel Waldorf in New York and had his first success. Oxnam suggested that he see Carey McWilliams, editor of the *Nation*, and gave him five dollars. That five dollars, if Harvey could have known, was highly symbolic.

Carey McWilliams, with over 40 Communist-front affiliations behind him, nevertheless saw enough merit in ex-Communist, ex-McCarthyite Matusow to send him to Joe Barnes at Simon and Schuster, and to permit

Matusow to call on himself a dozen or so times more. Barnes turned the book down on the grounds that Harvey's now-reduced request for a \$250 advance was excessive.

His faith in the project apparently destroyed, Matusow left town. In Dallas, Texas, he found his first steady job in years, selling programs in a movie theater.

Ironically, having failed in his months'-long effort to make public confession, Matusow now had an opportunity to do so thrust upon him. Bishop Oxnam, who has had his own troubles with Congressional committees, had an axe to grind and he used it to chop Harvey down. In public speeches he announced that Harvey Matusow had sought him out to confess "all the lies" he had told before committees of Congress.

The House Committee subpoenaed him as soon as reports of the Bishop's speeches came to their attention via the press, and Harvey came flying back to Washington with the chance to set the record straight — which, on July 12, 1954, he proceeded to do, forthrightly and with no equivocation.

DISCLAIMING the need for counsel, to which the Committee reminded him he was entitled like any other witness, or the need to refresh his memory by rereading his 1952 testimony, Matusow entered into a brisk questioning in which he revealed a genuine bewilderment that he should have been summoned at all.

At least six times in half an hour, he reaffirmed the truth and sincerity of his past testimony — all of it — before any inquiring body, saying:

When I first testified before this committee in February 1952 I told the truth . . . I do not believe I told any untruths at any time under oath . . . I have not given anybody any statements or said anything that would say I have lied under oath . . .

Pressed with the newspaper report of Oxnam's speech, he showed a commendable reluctance to call a clergyman a liar:

REP. KIT CLARDY. Have you at any time told Bishop Oxnam that you have lied to this committee or any other committee when you were under oath?

MATUSOW. . . . You cannot hate a man who has the way of God . . . I would give the bishop the benefit of the doubt as to who said it. I believe the newspapermen like to color what he did say and put the word "lie" in, more likely than he.

REP. SCHERER. If the bishop was correctly reported by the newspapers, did he tell the truth?

MATUSOW. If he was correctly reported by the newspapers, the bishop is a dishonest man.

He wound up the hearing with a plea to the committee to "save a lot of young people from going down the road of Communism, thinking, as some of the Korean prisoners did, that nobody was there to indoctrinate them as to how Communism works . . . they are tomorrow's

adults. We have already made up our minds but they haven't."

Harvey did not yet know that thanks to Bishop Oxnam, he had passed a point of no return. And if he thought his mind was made up on the danger of Communism, others were ready to unmake it.

AS THE leading figures themselves told it on witness stands, *False Witness* was concocted to meet an urgent Communist Party need. John McTernan and Nat Witt, attorneys for Clinton Jencks, Mine-Mill, and assorted Communists in a variety of proceedings, had drafted a new trial motion for Jencks which, everyone agreed, was "not strong." On the sheerest speculation, Witt, who had already been in correspondence with Bishop Oxnam and received from him firsthand advice as to Matusow's "confessions," was authorized by Mine-Mill to advance \$1,000 to some interested publisher who would then underwrite Matusow's book on McCarthy. Oxnam, of course, knew of Matusow's failure to find such a publisher.

The coincidences became sheerer and sheerer. Witt went to New York, and the very first publisher he saw happened to be Albert Kahn, who just happened to have been interested independently in seeing if there was a book for him in ex-Communist Harvey Matusow. It so happened, also, that Clinton Jencks was in New York on vacation, and planning by chance to visit Kahn.

And so the good fairies, or something, arranged that Witt and Kahn and Jencks all meet for lunch and discuss details of getting the Matusow book. Kahn was given \$1,000 in cash, he and Witt agree, of which there is no surviving memorandum, and the telephone number of Matusow's parents' home in the Bronx. Or so Witt was to testify.

Albert Kahn, however, recalled that on a purely social visit, Jencks proposed that Cameron and Kahn publish the very book which had been underwritten in advance by Jencks' union all unbeknownst to any of them. Strangest of all these strange coincidences, however, is that all parties — except Harvey Matusow — were certain that a book purporting to expose Joe McCarthy and "blacklisting" of theater people would somehow get Clinton E. Jencks a new trial on the charge of falsely denying his Communist Party membership in a Taft-Hartley law affidavit.

THEIRS is a wondrous tale as to when and how Matusow learned that he had at last found a publisher. He had left Dallas abruptly, broke and in debt. On foot and on bicycle, he is supposed to have then crossed half of Texas, and landed by chance in Taos, New Mexico, where in 1950 he had first met Clint Jencks at the San Cristobal "Dude Ranch for Comrades." He was on his way to Salt Lake City, he says, to meet three friends, whose names he can-

not recall, to go prospecting for uranium. Before leaving Dallas, he did not telephone Cameron and Kahn, though he got a message that they were trying to reach him, and then again maybe he did try but had no luck. Albert Kahn's recollections of their blind search for each other do not always match Matusow's.

But they agree that contact was first achieved early on the morning of October 23, 1954, when, they say, Kahn returned a call Matusow put in the previous day. Oddest of all, although there is no telephone company record of any call between Kahn and Matusow before October 23, Kahn had already arranged on October 22 for Matusow's one-way ticket to New York.

And so, by hook or by crook, Matusow, Kahn and Cameron met for lunch in New York City, October 25, 1954, and on the following afternoon signed a contract whereby Harvey Matusow's book, *Blacklisting Was My Business*, had at last found a publisher. Or so Harvey thought. What Cameron and Kahn thought is another matter.

It is inconceivable that Albert Kahn, or Angus Cameron, a Fifth Amendment Communist who had left Little, Brown and Company under a bright red cloud in 1951, would have considered publishing the book described in the outline Harvey brought to the lunch table. Not only did it list a chapter which would tell of a Communist arms smuggling ring but it contained the

explosive Chapter Eight — “Dude Ranch for Comrades.” Nor, on the other side of the ledger, did it anywhere make reference to legal lying or subornation of perjury by the U.S. Justice Department.

BUT THEN, all parties agree that Jencks and his troubles were not even discussed at that lunch, though the \$350 in cash which Kahn is said to have paid over to Matusow then was Mine-Mill money, part of the \$1,000 *specifically entrusted to Kahn by Nathan Witt, they agree, to secure the book as a vehicle for an affidavit which would support a Jencks motion for a new trial.*

As late as October 22, 1954, in Taos, New Mexico, Matusow had denied to a reporter Bishop Oxnam's charge that he had lied under oath.

How then, was he induced or otherwise brought to sign the book, *False Witness*, and the two false affidavits within three months' time? The truth could not be believed, except that it comes from the very mouths of Matusow and the man who manipulated him. Once more, the tape recordings.

First a portion of the transcript dated merely November 1954, but which from its position in the whole transcript (prepared by Kahn's own typist) must have occurred between November 18 and December 1. They have been discussing Matusow's first appearance against Jencks in a Senate Internal Security Sub-

committee hearing of October 1952, when Matusow first testified publicly against Jencks and Jencks took the Fifth Amendment when asked if he knew Matusow:

MATUSOW. Jencks helped in cutting off arms for the Korean War by the union — he being an officer in the Union, telling me they were going to try to call a strike . . . when I looked at Jencks, I thought of some guy in Korea who was laying down his life. At that time.

KAHN. You mean that you, with all your intelligence — confusing —

MATUSOW. I know it is —

KAHN. Because you knew about the Korean War and let us say about the money that was being made by the copper industry guys out of the Korean War.

MATUSOW. And I was in direct contact with the copper industry . . . to get money for Senator Watkins. . . .

KAHN. Because you are an intelligent guy, you must have known that they were interested in keeping the war going.

MATUSOW. Of course. This was unimportant at that time.

KAHN. See, there are a lot of guys — a lot of dopes — and most of them people who don't know — don't have the knowledge and the intelligence that you have and who wouldn't know what Anaconda Copper was doing, you know, and why they were interested, let us say, in “getting” a Jencks or getting a miner . . .

THE NEXT recorded discussion of Matusow's testimony against Jencks took place on December 14.

MATUSOW. Al, yesterday we decided that today we would go into the Clinton Jencks trial in El Paso. And this morning while waiting for you, I got a copy of the newspaper and there was a story in it. Copy writer received 15 years for sedition. In Louisville, Kentucky, a newspaper man was convicted for advocating sedition. . . . He was charged also with being a Communist and he denied that. It's unimportant whether he was or wasn't. To me, I look at this and I think of myself down in El Paso. Whether Jencks is or isn't a Communist is unimportant. Whether Jencks is a good fellow or a bad fellow is unimportant. It wasn't me — it wasn't my responsibility — it wasn't up to Harvey Matusow to say Clinton E. Jencks is a sonofabitch and a louse and all these things that I said about him in legal terms — it was up to the union if they wanted to get rid of him, to get rid of him. Clinton E. Jencks was a union representative so long as the workers of the Mine-Mill Union wanted to keep him as the man representing them . . . it's not the position of me or the U.S. government to butt in. Clinton E. Jencks is not capable of cutting off copper production for the Korean War.

And a little later the same day, Kahn returns to Jencks:

KAHN. I've just gone through your testimony and it seems to me that it's very well calculated to create a very definite impression — obviously about Jencks. That is not only you put on a show — as you say, a performance — but also you create specific impressions. For example, you set him within a very definite framework. You characterize the Vincents in a very definite way. Now is this all part — to what extent is all that premeditated?

MATUSOW. Well, let's look at it this way. When you take an incorrect hypothesis and build upon it — you just get building and building and building, believing you're right . . . take your book . . . "High Treason." Now say somebody looked at that book jacket and thought it said "High Tension." Words are similar. In a quick flash you might think it said "High Tension." And the person who thought it said "High Tension" would immediately say isn't that book by Albert Kahn terrific? "High Treason?" I said, No, he said, it's "High Tension." We could sit down and argue that for ten days or a lifetime unless that person were brought back to see "High Treason" he'd believe it were "High Tension." And he'd convince himself more and more and more and some — that's the way I was with Jencks and Vincent and the rest. I started out by saying they were Communists. They belonged to a Communist union. They knew me. And I built it up. Now there were Czech Communists

who went out there. And the Czechoslovakian Communists wanted atomic secrets. Sure, they wanted our military information — just as much as we want theirs. This is without saying. The British steal our secrets too. But I built this up to the point where it was — what happened? — the Jencks trial — because I had the incorrect hypothesis. And I believe now I am looking at it correctly.

KAHN. Now let me ask you this for example — cause I think this could come in well. You say in your testimony you met one of the Vincents at a Communist party — at the Albert Hotel. Now actually what was that party?

MATUSOW. Oh, I was being very flippant. I think I said it was a hootenay — or a wing ding. An affair put on by Peoples Artists. No, it's unimportant here what it was. It wasn't a Communist Party party. I said Vincent was introduced to me as a Communist Party member. I wasn't introduced to him saying this is Craig Vincent, he is a Party member. I knew Vincent was a Party member from talking to him. When I was expelled from the Communist Party, Vincent received the information from the Party directly — through the Party organization in New Mexico. I knew this too. There was no doubt in my mind about Vincent's Party membership. When — I mean that I can't say that I didn't know that Vincent was a Party member. Then I'd be lying. I knew

he was a Party member and I said so. I knew Jencks was a Party member and I said so. I can't say here that Jencks wasn't a Party member after he signed the affidavits because I know that he was. But I shouldn't have testified. That's the important thing.

KAHN. Why do you say you know he was?

MATUSOW. I say I know he was — I mean in this way. Men like Ben Gold who have been indicted on the same charge. He officially resigned from the Communist Party. Jencks also officially resigned from the Party. Or he could have. Let's put it this way. But in — to my mind — then, in my thinking, it made him no less a Communist because he put a piece of paper down and said I'm no longer a member. As far as I was concerned, Jencks was still under Communist Party discipline. And there's a difference. He legally, according to the law, might not have been a member of the Party. I didn't know that difference. Jencks didn't change his thinking because he issued that scrap of paper.

WE CAN only guess at what Kahn felt at that moment, as Harvey switched off the recorder for the last time. We do know some of the things he and Witt and Matusow did. With Matusow on record, as of December 14, 1954, saying flatly, "I can't say here that Jencks wasn't a Party member after he signed the affidavits because I know that he

was," but agreeing, nevertheless, "But I shouldn't have testified. That's the important thing," Kahn's job was done. The Mine-Mill Union's money, and Albert Kahn's time had been well invested.

THE REST OF the story is hardly worth detailing. Kahn and Matusow went to see Nathan Witt. New arrangements of every sort were made for Matusow's benefit and "protection." More money was pledged by both the U.S. and Canadian Mine-Mill Unions in the form of advance orders for "his" book, a bodyguard was hired, affidavits were signed and the conspiracy was ready for the launching. There remained only to secure the necessary support of wide publicity and an appearance of credibility in the non-Communist press.

As soon as Kahn had finished a close-to-final draft of the book, it was mimeographed. Harvey Matusow signed every page of two of those mimeographed copies. One went into the Cameron and Kahn office safe. The other was dispatched to Stewart Alsop. His subsequent column of January 30, 1955, already quoted in part, launching *False Witness*, perversely predicted that such a book, financed, written, published and backed by the CPUSA might "have good results for the political health of the United States."

The utter incompetence of the free American press to deal with

such men as Albert Kahn and such Communist plots as the Matusow conspiracy has been noted over and over, and not merely in these pages. But what does it show about the standards of ordinary reporting? The tape transcripts were used in two open court hearings, in Texas and New York. Judge Thomason's El Paso decision which sent Matusow to jail for criminal conspiracy was based on the crucial phrase, "I can't say here that Jencks wasn't a Party member after he signed the affidavits because I know that he was." And in New York, that and other key quotations appear in the detailed and lucid government brief. Yet no word of this has appeared in the news columns of our great papers.

And what of a Stewart Alsop, who claims so vast an understanding of Communism that he puts his personal decision above the whole internal security system of the United States Government? It may be illuminating here to quote from a little-read column in a local paper.

In the New York *Post* of March 20, 1955, Mrs. Dorothy Schiff wrote of meeting J. Robert Oppenheimer and discussing with him the book the Alsop brothers wrote in Oppenheimer's passionate defense. Said Mrs. Schiff: "I was amazed when twice Dr. Oppenheimer denied his excited champions, saying that the only trouble with the book was that it just wasn't true!"